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The Close of the Debate. "The Church in the Army."	Tupper's Reappearance. Coulisses.	REVIEWS OF BOOKS:— English Statesmen since the Peace.	Civilization in the Fifth Cen- tury.
Bankruptcy Law.	SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.	A Book about Boys.	A Study of Tennyson.
Paying the Priests.	NOTES OF THE WEEK.	Pet Dogs.	Three New Novels.
The 10th of April.	FINE ARTS:—	Social Life of the Chinese.	Short Notices.
The Salmon Fisheries of England and Wales.	Music.	Another Bundle of Poets.	List of New Publications for the Week.

THE CLOSE OF THE DEBATE.

WHEN we last noticed the discussion on the Irish Church, we did not anticipate the signal triumph which awaited the Liberal party at the close of the debate. Strongly as Mr. Gladstone's resolutions were grounded both in justice and on expediency, we were too well aware of the unsoundness in our ranks to have no misgivings as to the unanimity with which they would be accepted by his nominal supporters. Remembering what took place last year in reference to the Reform Bill, and bearing in mind the unscrupulous manner in which the Government and its agents endeavoured to work upon the fears or hopes of hon. members, either by threats of a penal dissolution or by suggestions that in due time Mr. Disraeli would adopt a "truly Liberal" policy on this as on other subjects, we could not help fearing that the voice of the tempter might prevail in some quarters, and that the majority in favour of going into committee might be too narrow to carry much moral weight. Our apprehensions have, however, been signally refuted by the event. Although cases of individual desertion did occur, it is unnecessary to dwell upon them in the face of the broad fact that on this occasion every section of the Liberal party gave to its leader a frank and strenuous support. The majority of 56, by which the motion for going into committee was carried, represents the complete union of that party on the question of the disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church, and implies the cordial and earnest co-operation of Liberals of all shades of opinion in the adoption of a just and conciliatory policy towards Ireland. The effect which the vote of last Saturday has already produced in that country is the best proof of its wisdom, and furnishes the strongest encouragement to perseverance in the course which it inaugurated. That the Orangemen of the North are indignant and even menacing in their tone is a mere matter of course. We were prepared for that, and we know how to estimate it at its true value. But by the great body of the people with whom we have to deal, and with regard to whose interests and feelings we ought to legislate, the division has been welcomed as a convincing indication that the Imperial Parliament has at last entered upon a new and a better path, and that in future the prejudices of England will not be allowed to prevail against the interests of Ireland. The Conservative organs threaten us, indeed, with an appeal from the present to the new Parliament; but, however bold a face they may put on the matter, they must be well aware that it is they and not we who have reason to fear such an appeal. If a Parliament elected by the middle classes, amongst whom prejudices founded upon religious opinion have a stronger hold than upon any other portion of English society, has not hesitated to sacrifice the Protestant Church, it is not likely that an assembly largely representing the working classes, who are far less influenced by such prejudices, will show itself indisposed to prefer the interests of the empire to the ascendancy of a creed. Nor can we doubt that, so far as the House of Commons is concerned, Mr. Gladstone will succeed in carrying, during the present session, both his resolutions and the Bill which will be based upon them. Although there may be differences of opinion amongst the Liberal members as to the best mode of carrying out a scheme of disestablishment and disendowment, there can, amongst those who have just voted for going into committee, be no hesitation

either in affirming the first resolution, which does little more than express that which is implied in the step which the House has already taken, or in declaring that, pending future legislation, it is desirable to arrest the creation of new life interests. If the Government, adopting the course announced by Sir Stafford Northcote, should persist in contesting at every stage both the resolutions and the Bill, they may, no doubt, interpose considerable delay, and involve themselves in the consequences of repeated defeat; but the sole dependence of the Irish Church for a respite from legislative attack during the present session must be placed upon the House of Lords. We are not sanguine enough to anticipate from that branch of the Legislature anything better than an obstinate adherence to their characteristic policy of obstruction; but although they may saddle the ecclesiastical property of Ireland with compensation for a few more life interests, that is the full extent of the mischief which it is in their power to do. They will not be able to arrest complete and final legislation on the subject, when the time and opportunity arrive next year; nor will their action in the mean time seriously impair the good effect which the decision of the House of Commons will have in Ireland. With regard to the attitude of the Ministry, and their conduct under existing circumstances, we must, of course, wait until the re-assembling of Parliament for authoritative information; but there seems no reason to believe that they will either resign or dissolve. Degrading to themselves, and mischievous to the country, as is the position of an Executive which cannot control the deliberations and guide the course of Parliament, there is nothing in the past career of the Administration which leads us to expect that they will shrink from occupying it. It is not improbable that Mr. Disraeli has still a Micawber-like faith in something turning up; and, at all events, we venture to predict that he will not throw away a chance by retiring from office a day before he is compelled to leave.

We ought, perhaps, to have sooner referred to the speech of the Prime Minister on the last night of the debate. But the truth is, that, although it was a very long and elaborate effort, there is little in it to call for remark or to repay consideration. As Mr. Gladstone remarked at the outset of his vigorous and elegant reply, it was largely composed of purely irrelevant matter; while there was much in it which it is charitable to refer to the promptings of an excited imagination. Mr. Whalley himself hardly ever outdid the absurdity of the passage in which Mr. Disraeli denounced his opponent as the organ of a combination between the Ritualists and the Roman Catholics; and the dignity of the office which the right hon. gentleman fills was never before so seriously compromised as it was by the incoherent rambling and the trivial character of the latter portion of his address. It is a novelty in the House of Commons for the First Minister to be interrupted by cries of "Divide;" but no one who was present on this occasion can wonder that the patience of the House broke down under the trial to which it was exposed. So far as declarations go, Mr. Disraeli committed himself in the most absolute manner to a policy of "No surrender." He threw in his lot with Mr. Hardy; and gave the go-by to the damaging admissions of Lord Stanley. He has apparently satisfied himself that his party is not yet "educated" up to the point of concession; and for the present he is therefore content to become the organ of their inveterate prejudices and obsolete ideas. But then, he has done this so

often that no one could feel the slightest surprise, if after denouncing the disestablishment of the Irish Church as desecration, and its disendowment as spoliation, he were to turn round and repeat, at the expense of his present clients, his *coup* on the Reform question. He will, no doubt, try whether sufficient political capital can be made out of the cry that the Church is in danger. Taper and Tadpole will do their best to rally the new constituencies to the support of the new Government on that issue. But if their efforts fail, why then, as Lord Cranborne observed, the right hon. gentleman has always his speech of 1844 to fall back upon, and he can once more, with entire consistency, denounce an "alien" Church. Whatever course he may take, he can hardly be inconsistent with himself at some period or other of his erratic career. At the present moment his favourite idea is that of endowing all sects and churches in Ireland. By subsidizing the Roman Catholics and the Presbyterians, he would disarm the opposition to the Protestant Church, and bribe its antagonists to silence. But if that scheme fails, as fail it must, considering that, as Mr. Gladstone said, "it is detested by Scotland, it is not desired by England, it is repelled and rejected by Ireland,"—he can once more recur to his old denunciations of the "Pantheistic principle," and can advocate that severance between Church and State which he once said that the Protestants of Ireland would prefer to the endowment of the Roman Catholics. Still, although we fully admit that there is nothing which he may not do in the future without seriously damaging his political character, we cannot allow him to misrepresent the past. There is something beyond audacity in the assertion that the Tory party—the opponents of Catholic emancipation, and the strenuous supporters of every rag and fragment of the old religious tests—have always, whether in or out of office, acted on the principle of reconciling races in Ireland, and of strengthening Protestant interests by doing justice to the Roman Catholics and putting both creeds on a footing of equality. The gross perversion of the most recent political history which such an assertion implies had a fitting parallel in the strange argument that to disestablish the Irish Protestant Church would be to dissociate the State from the principle of religion. Many arguments in defence of the institution we can at least understand, however little we may sympathize with them. But it passes one's comprehension how any man can suppose that the influence of the State can be enhanced or sanctified by its connection with a Church which the majority of the nation regard as an insult and an injury. To use the eloquent and forcible language of Mr. Gladstone, "In the condition of Ireland, where you have a state of things such as that existing in Ireland, an establishment cannot be maintained without a violation of what the bulk of the people believe to be the principles of civil justice; and in that case the extinction of the Establishment, and not its extension, was the way to give a true religious character to a country." That sentence well indicates the principle on which Mr. Gladstone's resolutions are based, on which the Liberal party are now prepared to act, and on which we can alone rely for reconciling Ireland to the Imperial rule. We must at any cost do complete civil justice. Flinging to the winds our religious prejudices as Protestants, and our partiality, if we entertain it, for the descendants of English settlers; overruling the pedantic scruples that are based on a false interpretation of the Coronation Oath, and a strained construction of the Act of Union, we must legislate exclusively with a view to the happiness and contentment of the Irish people as a whole, and to the establishment of complete equality between all races, and the adherents of all creeds, in that country. Sixty or even forty years ago—in the time of Mr. Pitt, or in that of Mr. Canning—it might have been possible to attain the main object in view by what Mr. Disraeli calls the policy of creation. But it is now too late for that. We cannot equalize by levelling upwards, for such a course is condemned by the public opinion of the three countries. The only alternative, therefore, is to pursue a policy of destruction. Nor in doing so need we be frightened by a word or a term. We shall destroy nothing which has ever borne any good fruit; we shall not have to remove anything which will be missed from its place in Irish society. As an Establishment, the Irish Protestant Church has never been anything but a scandal and a reproach to the country by which it has been maintained. As a Church, supported by the voluntary efforts and inspired by the piety of its members, it will, no doubt, find a career of usefulness and of religious activity. In such, no one will wish it success and prosperity more heartily than ourselves; but, both in its own interest and in that of Ireland, it must cease to be a State Church and to lean on State support. That was the emphatic decision of the House of Commons on Saturday last; nor can we suppose

for a moment that either that or any future House will shrink from fulfilling, by practical measures of an adequate character, the pledge of conciliation and justice thus offered to the Irish people.

"THE CHURCH IN THE ARMY."

THIS is the heading of an article which appeared during the week in the leading journal, provoked by an article which had previously appeared in *Blackwood*, and was based upon a judgment given by the Provincial Court in Dublin. Has not Ireland sent us troubles enough of late without originating a difficulty with regard to Church discipline, at a time when we have quite as much Church matter upon our hands as we can manage? Does any one suppose that Sir R. Phillimore's judgment has put an end to the controversy between Ritualists and Evangelicals? Are there men in England so sanguine as to believe that the Irish Church will give up its disreputable ghost without dying hard? Surely these two questions present us with sufficient difficulties without the interposition of another by the judge of the Provincial Court in Dublin, whoever he may be. But this functionary, of whose existence, perhaps, not one in ten thousand of those whom his judgment will more or less affect is aware, has given a decision according to which it would appear that not only our military chaplains, but the chaplains of our dockyards and naval and military hospitals, are all discharging their functions in defiance of the law. The provoking part of the business is that this Irish judge who has given so startling a decision is right, and that, though notice of appeal has been entered, there is no hope that the decision will be reversed. Its effect is simply this: that no naval or military chaplain, within the limits of England and Ireland, whether he holds the Queen's commission or otherwise, is entitled either to preach a sermon, or to read prayers, or to administer the sacrament, in any English or Irish parish, unless he has obtained the consent of the incumbent and the license of the bishop.

It was right that a question so capable of giving annoyance, and so practically worthless for any other purpose, should have been raised by some authority in the Irish Church. It was brought to issue in this wise. Some time ago a Mr. Craig, a clergyman in English orders, was appointed by commission from the Crown to do duty in the army, in pursuance of which commission he officiated last summer in the barrack chapel at Richmond. For some reason or other, or more probably without one (for the proceeding was excessively absurd), Mr. Craig was cited before the Provincial Court, and inhibited from officiating in the barrack chapel any further. Why was this ridiculous step taken, and who was the wiseacre who advised it? We should imagine that an incumbent or a bishop who was not possessed by a morbid appetite for the cure of souls, would only have been too glad that the consciences of the soldiers in Richmond Barrack should be taken off his hands, and, after having wished Mr. Craig God-speed with his labour, would have allowed the question of jurisdiction to lie at rest. It is one of the ugliest questions which an Irish incumbent or bishop can raise. But perhaps for that very reason Mr. Craig was cited before the Court, with the result which we have already stated. And now, just as Parliament has determined that the existence or abolition of the Irish Church is a question which ought to engage its attention, "the Church in the army" is thrown into a state of utter confusion, by a decision of an Irish Court, and upon the motion of an Irish Churchman, and is told that the cure of military souls except by the local incumbent, or by some one authorized by him and licensed by the bishop is illegal, whether the military chaplain is in "English orders" or not. The Presbyterian minister and the Catholic priest fall under the ban of this judgment quite as much as the chaplain who has been ordained according to the law of the land. These, it appears, may be proceeded against for violating the statute which requires that buildings to be used for purposes of public worship by dissenters from the Established Church (in which sense the Roman priest is as much a dissenter as the Particular Baptist) shall be duly registered. But how can this be done in cases where the same room is used for the worship of Churchman, Presbyterian, and Catholic.

This is a grievous state of things for men who have undertaken the duty—not, we fear, a very cheerful one—of looking after the morals of our soldiers, and bringing the influence of religion to bear upon them. It is allowed on all hands that inasmuch as they are exposed to special temptations they should have as much care taken of them spiritually as the rest of the community, and, at all events, that they should not have less. We have been acting upon this principle for about a quarter of

a century, with results which have justified the expense we have incurred. There was a time when we thought we discharged our duty to the British army in this respect if we provided them with chaplains all belonging to the Church of England, as if men who entered the service of the State must conform their consciences to its doctrines. When, in 1815, we entered upon a forty years' peace, army chaplains were allowed to die out, as if it were a peculiarity of soldiers that they only required spiritual instruction in time of war. But since 1844, we have recognised the obligation of giving the army the same chance of saving their souls as we give civilians, and we have every reason to congratulate ourselves on the result. There is something, therefore, intensely absurd in the assumption of those who have set the machinery of the Provincial Court at Dublin in motion, as if it were possible that Parliament should permit so gross an anomaly in the law to continue after it had been discovered.

Nothing can be more clear than the necessity of setting apart special chaplains for the army. Soldiers must be regarded as having in a great measure ceased to be members of society. They have been set apart for a special purpose; they live under special conditions and under special restraints. We cannot treat them like the rest of the community; and unless we determine to debar them from religious instruction and consolation, except such as they can supply for themselves, we must provide them with chaplains specially appointed for them. Now it so happens that we have tried all the three courses which were open to us. We have given them military chaplains; we have cast them on the tender mercies of the parochial clergy; and we have left them to their own devices. Of these three plans the last was found to be the worst, and the first the best. And while it is to the advantage of the soldier that his religious interests are cared for as they are now, the clergy are not losers. They rather gain, for they are freed from the responsibility of looking after men whose inclinations, whether we regard the circumstances under which they live, or the class of the community from which they are drawn, make them anything but desirable parishioners. As a rule, it is not your steady, industrious man who enlists. It is the idle youth, who would otherwise be lounging about the country lanes or the city slums. The physical transformation of the recruit from the hulking clown into the smart soldier is something astonishing. But the interior man deserves attention likewise, and it is quite clear that the parochial clergy have work enough to do in looking after the civilian sinners, without the addition of the military. It is so at least in England; in Ireland it may be otherwise. We can readily understand that in scores of churches in the sister country, a company of soldiers, "thinly scattered to make up a show," would be a welcome addition to the parson, the clerk, the sexton, and the pew-opener. And perhaps this idea may have operated in the mind of the foolish person who cited the Rev. Mr. Craig before the Provincial Court, and obtained the judgment which Parliament will before long reverse.

BANKRUPTCY LAW.

THAT the law of bankruptcy, in a great commercial country like England, should be in the state disclosed by the Lord Chancellor when he introduced his Bill for the consolidation and amendment of this branch of our jurisprudence, is as strong a proof of the carelessness and incompetency of our legislators as it is of the absence of commercial morality among a large section of the mercantile community. From all time we seem to have bungled our Bankruptcy laws; and if they can be said ever to have expressed the prevailing opinion of our merchants, that opinion must have been, in the last degree, changeable. In the old times, when the Court of the Bankruptcy Commissioners, in which several commissioners were sitting, and dozens of persons talking at the same time, was even more of a bazaar than it is now, the law regarded bankruptcy as a crime; and the estimation in which the public held the bankrupt was strongly confirmatory of the law. Opinion changed, however; and with that change came a corresponding alteration in the Bankruptcy laws, which, so far from seeing anything criminal in a commercial failure, seemed to look upon the insolvent debtor as a person to be sympathized with and petted. The Bankruptcy laws were relaxed generally. A court was established through which any one imprisoned for debt, and who, either from motives of fraud or from necessity, desired to be quit of his creditors, might emerge a new man, subject only to the fear, which was seldom or never realized, of having his after-acquired property seized to satisfy the old claims. In a little time, the necessity for imprisonment as a necessary preliminary to a discharge by the Insolvent Court was dispensed with,

and ultimately Lord Westbury, by his Bankruptcy Act of 1861, abolished the Insolvent Court, placed all the privileges to be acquired through the Bankruptcy Court at the disposal of the non-trader, allowed him, except in certain cases, to retain his after-acquired property without fear of molestation, and lastly, by his provisions for deeds of arrangement, enabled him effectually to defeat and set at defiance all his creditors. The results of these changes must have been eminently gratifying to all who desire the utmost freedom in commercial matters, and who are unwilling to be punished themselves or to see others punished for improvidence or dishonesty. In the year 1867 there were 8,994 bankrupts, and of these, no less than 6,553 were made bankrupt on their own petition. The position and character of these thousands is best seen in the astounding fact that in as many as 5,876 cases no dividend whatever was declared. The clauses authorizing deeds of arrangement to be entered into were attended by results equally gratifying, and they had the advantage of being so clumsily drawn as to give a very large employment to the courts of law, and to put thousands of pounds into the pockets of lawyers. When it is mentioned that in the year 1866-7 as many as 7,000 of these deeds were placed upon the files of the Bankruptcy Court, it will be obvious that they must be instruments of a very convenient character. They offer to a debtor these facilities. If he can induce a certain majority in number and value of his creditors to join in the deed, he has only to get the document signed and registered, and the minority is at his mercy; he may remain in possession of all his property, and although the dividend which he has promised to give them may be only sixpence in the pound, they are practically without remedy. It may be very well to say that a majority of the creditors should, as far as concerns letting an insolvent go free, be at liberty to bind the minority as in everything else, but Lord Westbury's Act left it open to the debtor to manufacture creditors; it required no proof that the debts of those signing the deed were genuine, and even in the case of *bonâ-fide* creditors, those who held securities, and to whom practically nothing was due, dealt as they pleased with the interests of those who were unsecured.

It is marvellous that so monstrous a state of things should have been permitted to exist so long; and although it will be seen that the Bill of Lord Cairns goes a very short way to remedy the existing evils, yet any change cannot fail to be welcomed. This Bill consolidates the existing law, and among the changes which it proposes to effect the following may be regarded as the most important. Imprisonment for debt is to be abolished, except in cases where a debtor is about to leave the country. A person who desires to become a bankrupt on his own petition, can only do so after the expiration of twenty-one days, upon the filing of a published declaration of insolvency, any creditor during this time being at liberty to take bankruptcy proceedings. The creditors are to be at liberty to have the estate wound up by a trustee acting under the inspection of two creditors, as in Scotland. The provisions of the repealed insolvency Acts as to the after-acquired property of the bankrupt are to be in substance re-enacted, the Bill providing that the surplus of this property, after deducting what is necessary for the maintenance of the bankrupt and his family, and his subsequent debts shall be applied to the payment of the creditors. With the view of preventing deeds of arrangement from being mere instruments of fraud, no deed is to be available until it has received judicial sanction, no creditor is to sign it until he shall have proved his debt as in bankruptcy; and creditors holding securities are only to vote in respect of what may be owing to them after the deduction of the securities. The county courts are gradually to absorb all the business now transacted by the district courts of bankruptcy, and the Metropolitan county courts are to have a sort of concurrent jurisdiction with the courts in Basinghall-street.

It is impossible to do more than speculate upon the effect of a great deal contained in the Bill; but if we are to be guided by past experience, many of the provisions are not likely to be very productive of benefit to creditors. The provision with respect to after-acquired property is at best doubtful in principle, and is likely to be comparatively inoperative in practice. There are many persons who fail in consequence of no fault of their own, and who notwithstanding may not be able to get a release from their creditors; and to hang round the neck of such a person the dead weight of liabilities of perhaps an enormous amount would deprive him of all incentive to activity and would after all produce nothing for the creditors. Even were this otherwise, we know that those clauses of the Insolvent Act as to after-acquired property in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred remained a dead letter. The Scotch system might possibly work well, although it is more than doubtful whether,

when applied to our extensive system of commerce, it would not be found thoroughly inadequate. The provisions as to persons becoming bankrupts on their own petition, and which restrict composition deeds within due bounds, must be preferable to the existing law; but if arrest for imprisonment is abolished, the necessity for all this machinery ought in a great measure to go too. A man who is not in a position to pay his debts ought not to be at liberty to deal with what assets he may possess—they are not his, but belong to his creditors; and if bankruptcy be necessary to secure an equal division of them among the creditors, it is for them, and not for him, to call in the aid of the court. The law will protect his person from arrest, and if he desires to have, in addition to that, a release from his liabilities, he surely ought to make out a stronger case than mere indebtedness. There is one portion of Lord Cairns' Bill, however, upon which it is impossible to speak with approval. We mean those sections which, although they deprive the superior court of the power of imprisonment for debt, retain the power of commitment which has been unwisely conferred upon county court judges, and is largely exercised by them. Few will deny that imprisonment for debt is a relic of barbarism, seldom resorted to among commercial people, and mainly used by the worst description of money-lenders as a terror to their dupes; but if we look at the actual working of the law we shall find that, so far from there being any reason why the rich man should be favoured above the poor man, there are the strongest and most urgent reasons for doing away at once and for ever with imprisonment in county court actions. Lord Cairns points out that the number of county court commitments do not exceed a thousand every year, and this he seems to regard as a comparatively small number. Others think it enormous; and we have only to reflect upon the nature of the demands, and the positions of those who are committed, to see the vicious system which the practice fosters. The persons sent to gaol are almost invariably labourers, and those who appear as their creditors are as invariably tally-men, who, confiding in the terrors of the county court, force upon the wives and daughters of the working man a lot of flimsy finery, which would never have been purchased except upon credit, nor sold on those terms, but for the power which the trader knows he can call in aid when it is convenient to insist upon payment. It is really no answer to say that the county court judges cling to the privileges of sending an unhappy labourer to gaol. Few men are willing to part with their authority, and no court has ever, except on compulsion, given up a particle of its jurisdiction. The scheme by which Lord Cairns proposes to keep county court judges in check as to their powers of commitment will recommend itself to no one. He proposes that no order of commitment should be made except by the judge and in open court, and that a yearly return should be made to Parliament of all commitments. We know the value of Parliamentary returns generally, and we also know of how little utility is the publicity of a county court; but these very restrictions are, apart from the strong public opinion on the subject, the weightiest argument against the law as it stands. If the power has to be so jealously guarded it should be abolished; and until Lord Cairns gives effect to the unanimous wish of the community in this respect, and disregards the struggle of county court judges to retain an authority with which they ought never to have been intrusted, one of the most grievous defects in the law of debtor and creditor will remain to be remedied.

PAYING THE PRIESTS.

THERE are certain ideas so fixed in the minds of elderly politicians that they tempt us to doubt Locke, and almost believe that they are innate. One of these is the notion that the settlement of the Irish Church difficulty, and, indeed, the general pacification of Ireland, is to be brought about by some sort of money gift to the Roman Catholic clergy. The Whig idea is to provide ways and means out of the revenues of the existing Protestant Establishment; the Tory, to follow the old traditions and take a pull at the Treasury, bribing all round, creating an endowment from the Consolidated Fund for the priests, augmenting the Regium Donum, and perhaps inventing some pretext for offering State aid to the Primitive Wesleyans. Comparatively little account seems to be taken of the views of some important parties to any bargain that may be made. By Earl Russell's plan the powerful minority who form the Episcopal Church in Ireland are certain to be exasperated to the last degree. The parsons are virtually put off with a tithe of their tithe, and the Protestant landlords have to pay the bulk of

their rent-charge—directly or indirectly—to the Popish priests whom they detest. At the present moment there is but scant cordiality between the Irish squire and the parish priest. But if anything could intensify the bitterness of the lord of the soil, it would be compelling him to pay tithe to the rival village potentate whose watchfulness circumscribes his power of eviction, who keeps a steady eye on his demeanour at petty sessions, who holds him up in the newspapers if he deals too harshly with Tim Hoolahan's license, and who at elections walks off with his voters from under his worship's nose. But it is, and perhaps not without reason, thought more important to secure the goodwill of the priests than of the landlords. The latter are from many motives bound to us, and one source of discontent would not be sufficient to alienate a class who feel that on their connection with England depends the security of their estates, and possibly their civil and religious freedom. By binding the priests to us we secure a class themselves far from enthusiastic in their attachment to British institutions, and who at present influence enormously the tendencies of Irish national feeling. But there remain two questions to be answered. First, can we by payment make the priests ours. Second, would the purchase not become useless by possession.

It is probably to Sidney Smith we owe the almost ineradicable notion that the priests could not resist the actual proffer of money. "Paid quarterly, you know," is reported to have bothered Dr. Doyle, and it seems to have rendered a great many subsequent thinkers incapable of conceiving a real refusal on the part of the priests. True, the Roman Catholic hierarchy have over and over again repudiated the notion of payment, but then they think of the lady who a little strove and much repented, and saying she would ne'er consent, consented; and they regard the ultimate surrender to the charms of quarterly bank notes as quite as certain as the yielding to the seductions of passion. But this shows considerable ignorance of the feelings and the real position of the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland. The actual unanimity of the bishops in the conclave at which their recent declaration was made must count for something. It is said that Dr. Moriarty was the only dissident to the policy of repudiation. This may be only a guess suggested by probabilities, but we believe it is true. If such be the feeling of the dignitaries, the sentiment of the lower clergy is likely to be even more decided. Of the two, an average bishop would naturally be more inclined to compromise than the average priest. He would have more to gain by any arrangement which made him the pensioner of the State. At present he has no legal status. The Irish Catholics call him "my lord," but the law scarcely recognises his existence. Those who are most fortunately placed have barely a sufficiency to maintain an outward dignity decently compatible with their position, while there are many of them whose income does not reach that of a modest English rectory. So far as social consideration and material comfort are concerned, the position of the Irish bishops would be immensely improved by payment from the State. It would not be at all the same with the bulk of the priesthood. It is, indeed, a question whether under any probable system of payment their position would be very much bettered, or at least whether the improvement would be so great as to compensate for other disadvantages likely to follow from their becoming pensioners of the State. There are not now probably any Roman Catholic curates in Ireland with salaries so low as twelve pounds a year and a suit of clothes, as used to be the case in some of the western and southern counties. Though the curate still occasionally resides with the parish priest, it does not often happen now that there is a mutiny on account of the quality of the victuals. Though the diminution of the population has lessened the income of the Irish priests, yet the relations between the incumbent and his curates have become more satisfactory to the juniors, who, better educated as they have been of late years, and more thorough men of the world, seem to be capable of asserting for themselves a better position than formerly. The ordinary Irish parish priest holds a by no means unenviable lot. But there is one essential point of difference between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic Churches which affects materially the money question. While the parson has the joys, he has also the troubles of matrimony. Seventy pounds a year and seven small mouths to feed are a misery unknown to the Roman Catholic curate. It does not often happen that a priest has a living worth five or six hundred a year as the parson has, but then neither has he to pay for Emily's piano nor Laura's millinery bill. It is not quite easy to form an estimate of the average income of an Irish priest, but one fact may help us to it. The usual salary allowed to the Roman Catholic chaplain of a workhouse is seventy pounds a year. This office is filled by a curate, who does not grumble

at removal from it to another curacy. We may therefore assume that the general income of the Irish Catholic curates does not fall below this sum. With their tastes and mode of life, this by no means indicates poverty. It would not be a large provision for a man who considered himself economical when he spent only twenty pounds a year on gloves, but it suffices to furnish decently the wants of a young man reared with the plainness of Irish country life, and after seven years' experience of the regimen of Maynooth, where beer has been for a couple of years past cut off for the sake of economy, and Friday's dinner has to be achieved on coffee and eggs.

It may not unnaturally be supposed that there is in the voluntary system much to repel a man of education and refinement. There is, however, on the other hand, a something in it which seems to acquire a hold on minds actuated by strong religious zeal, or thoroughly imbued with the priestly character. The priest or the minister who depends on the gifts of his flock has far more influence amongst them than the polished gentleman for whom the State provides. Scotland affords an example of this no less than Ireland. In Ireland the revenues of the clergy are made up from various sources; but, strange to say, most of them have a somewhat formal character, which takes away from the appearance of their being absolute gifts. For instance, there is a collection at the chapel-doors on Sundays, where the expected amount is paid as regularly as on the admission to a theatre. Easter and Christmas offerings are always spoken of as "dues." Marriages and baptisms are paid for in fees, amounting often to a considerable sum. Special collections are not uncommon, as when a favourite curate removes from one parish to another, when testimonials of from eighty to a hundred pounds are constantly given by the inhabitants of very poor districts. When his reverence the parish priest returns from a Continental tour, it not unfrequently happens that he finds an address and a snug purse awaiting him on his return. Strange to say, the most humiliating tasks in connection with the voluntary system are forced on the priests, not in seeking their own subsistence, which comes to them on the whole with less difficulty or trouble than did the tithes to the parson before Lord Derby settled the matter so dexterously by a rent-charge, but in collections in which they have no direct personal interest. They are everywhere throughout Ireland endeavouring to replace the poor and inadequate chapels of old days by handsome structures, the cost of which is almost always beyond the means of their immediate flock. There is no unwillingness on the part of the latter to aid. In rural parishes it is not uncommon for the parishioners to meet and strike a voluntary rate, which is paid with far more regularity and less grumbling than the county cess. But in the frequent cases, where the church costs ten thousand pounds, and the local contributions do not make five, the priest has to go through Ireland, to visit England, and sometimes America; he has to get up raffles and bazaars, and to go through an amount of wear and tear of body and mind which certainly do credit to his fidelity to his mission. But his church achieved, he has little to trouble himself about, so far as his own affairs are concerned; and though he does not despise money, he is not in a position to be easily tempted by offers from the State.

While it is highly improbable that the priest would sacrifice his present hold on the popular affections for the sake of the advantage he might gain by State payments, it is hard to believe that we should profit by depriving him of the greater part of his influence. At the present moment his authority has been considerably weakened by a power opposed to all authority and good order. That it is still great we have reason to know by the comparatively narrow limits in which the Fenian organization has been confined. If by State payment there were a severance made between the priest and the people in political matters, there is little doubt the latter would only listen the more attentively and bitterly to the teachings of their Fenian instructors. It is safer, therefore, to accept the lesser evil of the present state of things, than in our flurry fly to another which may prove greater. Paying the priests is at the best a clumsy expedient, and would not only fail, but do harm. It is one of those desperate remedies which should be resorted to only at the last extremity. The proposition is immoral, because it is dictated by the merest spirit of expediency; it is unwise, because it is opposed to the feeling of this country, and would be unwelcome in Ireland; and it is unstatesmanlike, because it is founded on an utter misconception of the wishes it seeks to gratify, and the consequences it is likely to produce. There are other measures for the pacification of Ireland commended by their palpable justice. Until these have been tried and proved inadequate, we may safely defer the attempt to buy peace and quietness from the Irish priests.

THE 10TH OF APRIL.

THOSE who are old enough to recollect twenty years ago will involuntarily recur, this week, to the events which signalized the 10th of April, 1848. On the morning of that day we all thought ourselves on the eve of a revolution, or of the violent suppression of an attempt at revolution which would have been scarcely less disastrous. At night we knew that the British Constitution, with all its virtues and defects, was stronger than ever. In fact, the "Conservative reaction" may be said to have dated from that time. It is true that the Conservative party was not sufficiently strong, when it came into power four years later, to hold its ground; but a certain sentiment of Conservatism—an indisposition to change—a tendency to flout and discredit all earnest convictions on behalf of reform, and all faith in any progress other than material—became powerfully manifest after that abortive attempt of the Chartists. This was the feeling, modified by the circumstances of the moment, which carried Palmerston to the head of affairs at the commencement of 1855, and maintained his popularity, with but slight fluctuations, till his death in 1865. Palmerston was the embodiment of that comfortable, self-satisfied, middle-class Conservatism which sprang up after the 10th of April, 1848. Before that date, there had been reforming zeal enough in the middle class to carry Free Trade, and to preserve at any rate a decent profession of liberal ideas. Afterwards, the attempts at improvement of those few who still cherished their early faith were beaten back, bruised and blunted, by the dead weight of scepticism, of cynical unbelief, which the comfortable classes opposed to all aspirations towards a higher ideal. It became fashionable to sneer at popular principles, at progress, at the extension of democratic power, whether here or abroad—in short, at anything which might threaten a return to the convulsions of the year of revolution. The feeling was the result partly of fear, partly of an exaggerated estimate of a very natural and not at all astonishing triumph. The well-to-do orders were afraid that, if Liberal and progressive principles in politics were sanctioned, we should open the door to socialism, confiscation, the guillotine, and what not; and they construed the easy discomfort of the would-be rioters of the 10th of April into a sign that Heaven itself was on the side of the "settlement" of 1832, whereas it proved nothing more than that, in all societies where there is at once the spirit of liberty and a regard for law, the peacefully disposed are a hundred-fold stronger than any faction of foolish and hot-headed conspirators who may desire to precipitate a change.

The day was a remarkable one in many respects. Some few weeks earlier—at the close of February—the Revolution had achieved one of its periodical victories in Paris. Louis Philippe, who had passed to power over a barricade, quitted his throne by the same way; and ever since then continual detonations of Republicanism had been heard from pretty nearly all the capitals of Europe. Kings were flying like dead leaves before a storm, or purchasing immunity from popular sentence by concessions which they revoked as soon as they dared. The European atmosphere was electric with revolution, and the discontented classes everywhere began to murmur and to threaten. England did not escape the contagion; it would have been strange if she had. However much we may boast that we are not as others are, we have some awkward political problems to settle; we have still many unsatisfied demands to satisfy, many legitimate wants to meet; and at that time, perhaps, there were even more. The unenfranchised in 1848 formed a large majority of the population, and, at the inspiration of the great democratic success in Paris, they clamorously urged their rights. Unfortunately, however, the conduct of the movement fell into very bad hands. It was taken up by a set of shallow and noisy demagogues, such as Feargus O'Connor, Bronterre O'Brien, Harney, Cuffey, and some others, who at once began threatening and bullying, before they had ascertained whether or not there was a disposition on the part of the middle and upper classes to aid them in obtaining a recognition of their claims. Riotous assemblies took place in various parts of the metropolis. For three or four days in March, Trafalgar-square was occupied from morning till night by a raging crowd of young thieves and ruffians who yelled, and swore, and fought, and got their heads broken by the police, without any intelligible object whatever. Meetings were held, at which the whole five points of the Charter were demanded, on peril of civil war, and of all kinds of terrible consequences to the governing classes. Finally, it was resolved to bring together a monster gathering on Kennington Common (which had not been inclosed, dressed-up, and dignified by the name of a park in those days), whereat, after due delivery of speeches, a gigantic petition, that had been

lying for signature for some weeks previously, should be hoisted on the shoulders of a picked company of men, carried to the House of Commons, and there delivered like a cartel or ultimatum, with a mob at the back to give force to the demand. Feargus O'Connor, then a member of Parliament, was the chief mover in this scheme, and he was seconded by other fiery spirits from the western island, and by the more extreme of the English Chartists. The Government of Lord John Russell, who was the existing Prime Minister, signified its intention of dispersing the meeting; and undoubtedly the design of taking a petition to Parliament, with a mob at hand to overawe discussion, was an attempt at intimidation which could not be tolerated. When, however, the Chartists learnt that they would not be permitted to walk over the course, they held some preliminary indoor meetings, at which extremely intemperate language was used, and it was determined to defy the Government, to assemble on Kennington Common at all hazards, to march in a body to Westminster, and, if need were, to have up the barricades in true Parisian fashion.

On the evening of the 9th, a final consultation of the Chartist leaders took place, and one of them (Bronterre O'Brien, if we mistake not) declared that the Government should drink to the dregs the cup of blood they had prepared. At this distance of time, one is chiefly struck by the extreme silliness of such language; but at the moment the alarm was very general and very deep. The Government made preparations as for an invasion. The old Duke of Wellington, who was Commander-in-Chief, must have thought the days of his youth had come back. He converted peaceful London into the similitude of a city in a state of siege. The soldiers were kept under arms; the public buildings were garrisoned and roughly fortified; cannon were planted on the bridges by which Westminster might be approached from Kennington, and the Duke himself took command in person, riding about through several hours of the day to see that all was right. Immense numbers of the upper and middle classes were sworn in as special constables, and several of the working classes also joined the amateur body of peace-preservers, as a protest against the folly of some of their order, who were damaging their own cause by associating it with turbulence and menace. The special constables had a few remarkable men among their ranks, and none more so than M. Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, of King-street, St. James's, destined, before the year was out, to be President of the French Republic, and, in a few more years, Emperor of the French.

After all these grand anticipations on the one hand, and these gloomy apprehensions on the other, the day proved a *fiasco*. The collapse was almost ludicrous. There was scarcely a broken head. The soldiers had nothing to do, the special constables had nothing to do; the police had a sort of field day, and whatever laurels were gathered were mainly theirs. The Chartists assembled according to promise on the frowsy expanse of Kennington Common. Mr. Feargus O'Connor mounted a cart, or some other extempore rostrum, and was commencing a speech when a police superintendent tapped him on the shoulder, and intimated that he had orders to prevent the delivery of speeches. The redoubtable Feargus turned pale, said he had no wish to offend, exhorted his followers to disperse quietly, and set an example by disappearing himself. The petition, however, was taken to the House, and received. It proved to be full of burlesque signatures, such as "Hookey Walker," "Cheeks the Marine," "Miles's Boy," and the names, taken very much in vain, of several eminent persons. Among other assumed signatures, was found that of the eccentric Tory Member, Colonel Sibthorp, who declared, with much garnish of unparliamentary oaths, that it was a lie to say he had ever put his hand to such stuff: at which the House, being now delivered from its fears, was convulsed with merriment.

We have recalled this singular episode of twenty years ago to show by contrast the advance we have made since then. The popular gatherings of 1866 and 1867 in favour of reform, though marked on one or two occasions by some little roughness, did not spring out of the same avowed intention of revolution as the Chartist gathering of April 10th, 1848. They aimed at amending, not destroying, the Constitution; and even the most violent speeches of Mr. Beales and his associates were moderate in comparison with the sanguinary ravings of the O'Brien and Cuffey set. The result has been that the one movement failed, while the other is a success. We seem to be entering on a new era, in which turbulent gatherings will be purposeless, and therefore undreamt of, because a legitimate and lawful satisfaction will be given to all popular demands. Democracy has ceased to be a word of fear; we are taking the people into the national councils, and the people will extinguish the mob. Our great danger now is from Ireland; but Ireland

also will cease to be a danger when her wrongs have been fully righted. There is no force like Justice, after all. With the military potentates of the Continent learning to trust the people, and to place themselves at their head, England could not hold back; and in that new-born policy of mutual understanding and conciliation lies the despair of demagoguery, and the hope of Liberal progress through ages yet unborn.

THE SALMON FISHERIES OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

A VERY interesting report on the salmon fisheries, by Mr. Frank Buckland and Mr. Walpole, has just been published. We sincerely trust that the effect of it will be practical, and promote more stringent legislation on the subject, so as to give the country the benefit of a system of conservation which, against many difficulties and prejudices, has already produced excellent results. Turning to the statistical tables which were furnished from Billingsgate market, we find that the increase of salmon supplied from England and Wales since the operation of the new Fishery Acts has been remarkable. In 1865 we have England and the Principality accredited with 868 boxes of fish; in 1866, with 1,563; and, in 1867, with 2,405. A proportionate rate would hold out a fair prospect, which would amply repay the cost and trouble of the movement, while from the nature of the obstructions disclosed, there is every reason to believe that even with their partial and gradual extinction, we might hope for a much larger return.

It is obvious from this report that the powers of the Commissioners are inadequate to deal with the public interest. On the Dee a weir goes right across the river; and, except at high tide, no fish can pass over it. The proprietor of this monopoly utterly defied the local Conservators and the Commissioners. The proprietors of the upper part of the Dee, where the spawning-grounds are situate, finding that they get no value whatever for their trouble, are about to abandon all interest in the preservation; and the consequence of their resolution will be simply destructive to the future prospects of the stream. Mr. Owen, the Honorary Secretary to the Board of Conservators, talks of surrendering his post, as his exertions on behalf of the fishery have been rendered almost useless by this obstructive weir. Another cause which prevents a natural increase of fish is the fouling of the water by lead-mines. In the Dovey, Mr. Buckland learned that, while twenty years ago the stream was perfectly pure, and afforded excellent sport and profit, during the last ten or twelve years there has been a gradual dropping off. Large numbers of fish are found dead in the river. The day before Mr. Buckland's visit numbers had been poisoned. "The principal spawning-ground of the Dovey, namely, the Twymin, is made utterly barren by lead-mines; a few years since there was good fishing in the Twymin; now there is not a fish in it; the water coming down the Twymin into the main stream, is of a milky colour; and I heard stories of cattle, and more particularly horses, having been destroyed by eating the grass that had been touched by this lead water." It would seem that there is no real necessity for this wholesale mischief and cruelty. The pits into which the water first goes could be filtered by a natural process, the very means for which are to be found on the spot. Mr. Buckland suggests that there should be a double series of catch-pits, each large enough to hold the workings of one day. By allowing the water thus to rest, the poisonous deposit would sink to the bottom by its own gravity, and being allowed to pass from the pits alternately, would run into the river discharged of its impurities. One gentleman has shown a good example on the Tyne, and is about to spend several hundred pounds on a series of extensive catch-pits. The same individual removed, at his own loss, an extensive dam which obstructed the passage of fish. But his care is exceptional. It mostly happened that the riparian proprietors who had engines or traps of any kind defied the Commissioners and Conservators. Millers distinguish themselves in this respect by their determined opposition to improvements. In a case set out here the Commissioners very properly condemned an apparatus ostensibly used for ordinary milling purposes, but which, on inspection, showed that it was contrived to pay a double debt. The owner appealed from their decision, and the full Court pronounced that in ordering a modification of the contrivance, the Commissioners had exceeded their authority. What the actual value of their authority is may be seen from this; they had power to pronounce that a certain dam was a "fishing mill-dam," but were impotent when they tried to give a practical effect to their opinion. "Fixed engines" have been removed from estuaries,

but there are other obstructions which are still permitted by law, which Mr. Buckland rather confusedly describes as acting "as a great onus on the development of rivers." They are, in fact, much more injurious than the engines at the estuaries. These are weirs, which stretch right across the narrow part of the river, and prevent the fish from having access to the spawning-grounds. The Dee, the Ribble, the Clithero, and the Severn, suffer considerably from this cause. In the Severn there are no less than seventy-three weirs. Those obstructions not only directly tend to keep down the proper increase of fish, but by rendering the course of the water comparatively sluggish, it is found that pike and other enemies of the salmon multiply and contribute towards its destruction. Again, Mr. Buckland notes, it sometimes happens that a large number of fish collect at the foot of a weir, and if they are not able to pass over it they form their nests in heaps, spawning in gravel already full of eggs, and thus destroying them. This goes on until a vast quantity of reproductive material is wasted. If these fish could have only got over the weirs, they could spread out over the stream, run into the tributaries, and find opportunities for placing the eggs where they would have a chance of being hatched. Mr. Buckland pleads for the hands of the Commissioners being strengthened; if we do not mistake, they possessed much more ample and decisive powers in Ireland, and there is no reason whatever why they should not have the same measure of authority here. With regard to the millers, it is thrown out "that the miller might utilize the water during the day, but allow the salmon to utilize it during the night." We are afraid that there would be considerable difficulties in the way of getting the millers to enter into so equitable a contract, as the profits of their concerns would be seriously diminished by it; but there is certainly a necessity for looking sharp after these persons, and for seeing that in using water-power they do not abuse the privilege and endanger the material increase of the fish. In every case there should be, as Mr. Buckland insists, an effective ladder or pass. The Americans claim to live in a freer country than ours, and yet their law compels "a fish way" to be made and maintained by the owner over every weir. Mr. Ashworth calculates that salmon in this country are excluded by weirs from an area of 7,991 square miles, and by weirs and pollutions from an area of 3,649 square miles, leaving accessible to the fish an area of 6,607 square miles. He proceeds to make a calculation relative to the Severn. "There are seventy-three mill-weirs in the Severn, the rental of the water-power of which as compared to steam-power, we may estimate at from £40 to £50 each, or say £3,650 a year; and to produce this amount of power the salmon have been excluded from 324 miles of streams. The money value of salmon produced from the remaining streams (of 344 miles) we may estimate, at Mr. Miller's report, at from £6,000 to £7,000 a year; but if all the former breeding grounds had remained accessible to salmon over an area of 4,400 square miles, it is possible that the gross produce of the Severn might have been similar to the rivers at Waterford, the income of which, as stated by Mr. Ffennell, is £40,000 a year."

We see from this report the basis of a new source of national wealth in the production of which sanitary reforms of the most vital and necessary character would be rendered imperative. Nothing is wanted but some wide and comprehensive enactment, which will bring within reach of the law the various kinds of fishing-traps and obstructions now in existence, and provide for the making of proper passages. We suppose, however, that this will be one of the jobs which must be left to that new Parliament which is to do everything. This is just the kind of question which it is not likely to treat with much tenderness or hesitation, and it would be perhaps as well for the owners of weirs stretching across an entire river to make passages through them before the option and, perhaps, the weirs are taken from them altogether.

TUPPER'S REAPPEARANCE.

THE poetic art is in danger of falling into disrepute, since Mr. Tennyson has taken to writing conundrums for weekly and monthly Magazines. There is no reason why a great poet should not amuse the public; but we fail to recognise in these efforts that completeness which marks the product of the burlesque-writer and the circus-clown. An inexplicable joke is no joke; and we have looked in vain in recent numbers of *Good Words* and *Once a Week* for the key to the riddles which Mr. Tennyson published in those Magazines. Or will "Lucretius"—which is to be nine pages long—contain categorical answers to all the conundrums in question? In that case, we can assure Mr. Tennyson that he has been most successful, and that

everybody has long ago "given up" his enigmas; and we trust that when "Lucretius" appears we shall not have to ask him to explain his explanation. It is gratifying to find, further, that the Laureate is not to be left alone in his endeavours to promote public amusement. Mr. Tennyson sends conundrums, Mr. Tupper contributes nonsense-verses to our current literature; and both, we presume, hope to raise a kindly laugh around the fire-side. We certainly did not expect to find these rival poets, to use a phrase which may be condoned by our recent aquatic excitement, "rowing in the same boat;" but here they are, pulling rather wildly, perhaps, and towards no very obvious goal. Both seem to have a preference for raising a modest smile on the countenances of the pious: Mr. Tennyson adorns the pages of *Good Words*, Mr. Tupper disports himself in *The Rock*. Mr. Tupper's first effort, if we mistake not, was entitled "The Churchman and his Pastor;" and rather unfairly he takes as the subject for these particular nonsense-verses the gratitude felt by a true son of the Church towards his clergyman, who has not been led aside into the thorny paths of Ritualism. We consider it cruel fun for a poet to bring the weight of his genius to bear upon ridiculing such a proper sentiment; but, not even content with that, Mr. Tupper jokes the parson also. This is how the Churchman addresses him:—

"How rarely to be found, friend,
Are Abdiel souls like thee;
Anglicans may abound, friend,
But angels few there be."

Then, having chaffed the angel, he concludes the poem by the following verse:—

"Protestant Pastors! each 'Friend'
Your flocks would gladly hail;
If you but live and preach, friend,
Sincerely, without fail;
All Jesuits we must banish
From England's honest home—
And Ritualists may vanish
To serve the Pope in Rome!"

With regard to these lines, we have only to say, that the first four seem to be a mean attempt to poach on Mr. Tennyson's manor. Mr. Tupper is not content with writing nonsense-verses; he would do the conundrums also—an exhibition of jealousy or avarice which we did not expect from a proverbial philosopher. In his next effort, however, he keeps to his own sphere. It is called "Martyr Relics," and begins:—

"In a day when the letter-bags everywhere yield
Their pleasures and interests every day,
Scattering loves over city and field,
Or dropping reverses and fears by the way—
At Smithfield it chanced that for popular use,
They planted a pillar-box, just a year back,
On a stained-looking spot with the paving-stones loose,
And the soil underneath it all burnt red and black."

And, as Mr. Tupper insists, this pillar-box, erected that people might "drop a reverse" into it, was the means of showing the charcoal and "burnt flesh" which marked the spot where Protestants used to suffer martyrdom. He goes on to say that a "wonderful Providence" caused the discovery of these relics to remind us that the Roman Catholics would roast us now if they could, and that we are to beware of the mark of the Beast. The only mark of the Beast we can find is in Mr. Tupper's verses, and it bears a shadowy resemblance to a pair of long ears.

Again we find Mr. Tupper at his old enemy, the Ritualist; and now he addresses him personally. He paints in awful colours the heinousness of his ways, and the very dreadful things which are to follow the little theatrical exhibitions with which a few clergymen are now amusing their rather dull lives. "Vestments of Baal" Mr. Tupper terms those efforts in millinery which the clerical imagination has lately conceived; and he evidently considers that England is in extreme danger because certain of her clergymen have, in a weak moment, been studying *Le Follot*. But England, as Mr. Tupper poetically declares, "won't stand it":—

"And thus you 'entice silly women'—the text
Is suitable, 'having a form,'—
And hope (but you won't) to allure the men next
To shelter your heads from the storm;
For England won't stand it! our millions abjure
The priestcraft you scheme to bring back,
As we wot well of old that no rights are secure
With a tyrannous Church on the track."

What is the aspect of a Church on the track? Does she walk stealthily like a Red Indian, or glide like a serpent, or creep like a snail, with a cathedral on her back for a shell? And what in all the world is the tracking? But we forget—these are nonsense-verses, and Mr. Tupper's fun.

We have at present before us only one more specimen of Mr. Tupper's recent attempts to help Mr. Tennyson in making us laugh. It is called a "Protestant Ballad for the Times," and it is addressed "Ad Populum." Here he endeavours to burlesque the polemic wrangling between the Church of Rome and the English Church; and only fails because the parody is too obvious. The ridiculous extravagance is too broad and marked; a smarter hand than Mr. Tupper would have made the parody readable by a close and clever resemblance to the original. The following verse, which disposes of "succession," goes into the region of pure farce:—

"Then, as to succession? Apostles were men
Who taught by the tongue in past ages,
But now we can teach by the press and the pen,
And in chief by the Book and its pages;
Succession? in spirit, but scarcely by touch;
Their doctrine is over all nations,
But often through Christians, who, though they love much,
Have no theologic gradations."

Religious discussion, whatever may be its particular characteristics, claims generally to be comprehensible; and Mr. Tupper has in this satire departed from the truth by covering his subject in fog. We prefer those of his nonsense-verses which have a thread of intelligible connection running through them; aimless maundering, as Mr. Carlyle says of aimless talk, "can in the end be exhilarating to no creature." But, from the specimens here adduced, our readers will perceive that Mr. Tupper has occasionally been successful. He has evidently done his best; and no man's best, as a proverbial philosopher must be aware, merits anything but respect. We have only one final suggestion to make. We hope that Mr. Tennyson is about to publish solutions of all his late conundrums; let Mr. Tupper accompany him, in the next nine pages of the same Magazine, with a humorous explanation of the verses we have quoted. The two contributions would make next month's *Macmillan* a cheerful number.

COULISSES.

THERE are few wishes more frequently expressed than the wish to explore the unknown land lying behind the scenes of a theatre. Among a vast number of people this curiosity is very common and very great. It may, indeed, be postulated that every man not in absolute bondage to Exeter Hall, and not subject to any grave infirmity, has at some period of his life longed to be taken behind the scenes. He knows by description many of the attributes of that region which Dickens has likened to "the wrong side of the pattern of the universe." He has read over and over again sketches and stories of the Couliesses—ever a favourite subject with comic authors, who are exhaustless in the fun got out of the troubles and perplexities of the unfortunate neophyte left to his own devices in that world of traps and flats, of porter-pots and ballet-girls, of rough carpenters and perilous abysses and head-knocking machinery. He knows, too, that he will be "disillusioned" when he gets there; that he will find the fairies all powder and paint, the royal palaces mere daubs of colour on a flat surface, the gallant banners only strips of calico. But he is prepared for this; so disappointment will be no disappointment, for it comes in the category of gratification. Of the thousands who entertain this longing for a peep at the hidden things of the stage, the majority, no doubt, go to the grave ungratified; but among the few whose curiosity is satisfied, we may reckon that a considerable portion are disillusioned in a direction they never expected. Not only does the character of the place fall short of the description of the comic writers, but the disappointments are not of the prescribed nature. The side-scenes are not a pitfall for the unwary; there are no horrible adventures connected with the opening of traps and raising of machinery. The neophyte is not suddenly hoisted into the sight of a derisive gallery by the uprising of a set-piece below the spot where he is standing, as Albert Smith used to describe. Nor does Richard III. rush off from the field of Bosworth to swig a pot of porter at the wings. Nor does the neophyte witness that tremendous altercation between the property-man and manager, which the comic writers are so fond of depicting. Nor do the young ladies of the ballet in the shortest of dresses and pinkest of tights surround him in that impulsive and

confiding manner portrayed in the chromo sketches in the Burlington Arcade. On the contrary, the introduced one stands in a restricted place between two walls of canvas, on one of which he reads a notice that "no member of the company, except those concerned in the immediate scene, is allowed to stand in the first and second entrances." Here he is fixed, and hence he can see but a section of the stage; a lot of people pass him, but nobody speaks to him, nobody regards him save a stray scene-shifter, who moves him gently aside with a "By your leave, sir;" he meets with no misadventure, discovers no startling revelation, until the time comes for conducting him down a corkscrew staircase, and so into the streets and home again. Of all the unveiling of strange things which he anticipated, the strangest disclosure and most disappointing is the absence of noteworthiness in that region to which he had looked forward. The disappointment lies in the nature of things. The novice is only admitted to a portion of the charmed world; he has entered the outer circle only. To reach the innermost circle he must have passed through an experience and attained an intimacy, the process of acquiring which would have rubbed off the freshness of novelty and the capacity for wonder altogether.

In that social life of men and women which, like the theatre, comprises a *scenium* and an *auditorium*, the procedure of going into the coulisses is often attended with as disappointing a result. It being admitted that, in the language of the poet,

"Two lives the meanest of us live;
One which the world beholds, and one
Whose hidden secrets none can give
But he who lives it, he alone"—

the least imaginative philosopher will readily supply the existence of a social coulisse. There is notoriously in every human hypostasis a "behind the scenes," where the landscapes are mere daubs, the huge distances simple "sets," the precious stones spangles, and the robes of state gaudy calico. Whether the human coulisses, however, constitute *per se* an interesting study, is another consideration of a different character. It is proverbially said that no man is a hero to his own valet; the valet has got behind the scenes, and is supposed to be conversant with the wrong side of the pattern. But the wrong side of the pattern may constitute, even from the valet's point of view, an interesting exploration. It is possible to dock a man of heroism, and yet find in him sufficient material for marvel. The ingenuity with which the scene-painter contrives to use a few splashes of vivid colour on a flat surface so as to present to the spectator, a dozen yards off, the illusion of far-reaching distance, contains food for admiration more than disappointment. The artifice by which the spangles do service as precious stones, and the rolling peas and sheet-iron simulate rain and thunder, is at least clever. In like manner the hero whose moral "flats" and "flies" and spangles and complicated machinery are all discernible to his valet, is not necessarily a subject for disdain, notwithstanding the copybook axiom that contempt is bred of familiarity. If the valet have philosophical eyes, he will appreciate the ingenuity of those effects by which the illusion of the outer world is maintained. To him, indeed, his master is no hero, but he is at least a very clever stage-manager; and in the absence of that human perfection to which Mr. Matthew Arnold would fain conduct us through avenues of sweetness and light, effective stage-management is the most satisfactory capacity which mundane philosophy can supply.

With people into whose coulisses we have not a free entrance accorded us, it may furnish some interest to speculate as to what the behind-the-scenes of their life can be like. Take a favourite poet, for example, whom the world knows only in the light of splendid stanzas, excellently printed, irreproachably punctuated. Of what nature is that wonderful being in the domestic coulisses? How does he look, how does he act in the common atmosphere of butcher and greengrocer, daily dinners, and weekly bills? Does the poet's eye, in a fine frenzy, roll when the tax-gatherer calls? Has he a lofty scorn for the petty ways of earth, or does he manifest a human antipathy to cold mutton? Then, again, how are those splendid stanzas, which we all admire, incubated? Are they reeled off in the perfect coherence which they assume in print, or are they blotched and scored in the manuscript—here an interlineation, there an erasure, with many a synonym hesitatingly put down and left to stand till the last moment? And what mental phenomena accompany the process of composition? Does the great being stamp up and down the study till he hits on the right expression, or does he roll about the hearthrug, or is he sullen and unapproachable, or is he—as asserted by the proverbial man who "knows a man who knows the poet"—assisted

by cold brandy-and-water? The coulisses of our pet author may make a subject for interesting inquiry. There is a different sort of coulisses from these, into which it is more difficult to let one's imagination enter. The progress of the world in ways commercial has of recent years called into life a personage who lives and flourishes on highly enigmatical principles. He is generally spoken of as a speculator. He wears a good coat, eats expensive dinners, sports extensive jewellery, rides mostly in cabs, sometimes in broughams. He never has any ready money. But he is at the head of vast commercial undertakings which invariably break down and come to grief. He dallies with thousands of pounds belonging to other people, but he is *in extremis* if asked for a five-pound note to pay an old debt. He is ruined on an average twice a year, and as un-faillingly takes a larger house and starts afresh. Now, what guiding cherub sits up aloft in this man's coulisses? How does he get along? How does he square matters with the butcher and baker, and him of the water-rate, and him of the gas company? He is not merely chronically insolvent as regards large demands on his capital, but he is insolvent as regards the petty tradesmen, his daily debtors; and yet he moves in splendid ways. While the man who earns his five hundred a year quietly and surely is necessitated to fall back on a turned coat and dines on a single joint, the impecunious one, appears in the most profuse and extravagant style. The shifts and subterfuges by which this personage—a very common type, be it noticed, in our great commercial age—manages to present a show of richness and splendour, are more wonderful to think of than all the tricks by which the theatre manager makes tinsel and vermilion do service for bowers of transcendent bliss.

In the smaller shows of society one can often accurately measure the coulisses from which the social machinery is worked. In the matrimonial theatre, for instance, a frequent peep may be had into the secrets of that domestic coulisse where fair is foul and foul is fair; though it is just to add that the worst-assorted couples often manage to present a creditable spectacle before the curtain while anarchy reigns in the wings and flies. Most people who have shared the *vie intime* of a parson know that there is a very different assortment of cranks and pulleys in the clerical coulisse to that which the congregation is permitted to see. But to multiply instances is only further to admit the two-sidedness of every man's life and character, and the existence in each case of a sphere in which Longfellow's dictum holds good, that "things are not what they seem."

SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

THE great debate on the Irish Church reached its culminating point of interest about ten o'clock on Friday night week, when it became known that the Prime Minister would follow Mr. Cardwell. The House rapidly filled, and members who had not engaged a seat at "Prayers," took their chance in the galleries, the more crowded being that over the Opposition and facing the Treasury bench. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge occupied seats on the front bench reserved for peers on the floor. Under the Georges the heir apparent usually sided with the Opposition, but Albert Edward pays the Government of the Queen the compliment of his support, so far as is conveyed by taking his seat on the Ministerial side. In the diplomatists' gallery was the Queen's third son, Prince Arthur, a fair-haired prepossessing youth. Next him sat Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. Prince Teck was also present. In the Speaker's box of the Ladies' Gallery were the Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and the Princess Teck, and from this portion of the gilded screen rang out from time to time pleasant little silver laughs, which were not unheard by the members in the gallery below. Two or three of the Orleans princes found seats in the next tribune to Prince Arthur. The Dukes of Sutherland and Argyll, and half a hundred peers, were sitting on every bench, or standing in every gangway, to which they could find access. The English and Irish bishops were present in such numbers as to suggest an irreverent comparison, that the place looked like a "rookery." The House "proper" was so crowded—between five and six hundred men being packed within an area holding comfortably little more than half that number—that a stronger case for the new and larger Chamber designed by Mr. Barry, and about to be recommended to the House by Mr. Headlam's Committee, could not have been established.

Mr. Disraeli will never permit Mr. Gladstone to have the

last word when he can help it. On this occasion, however, the Opposition leader had the right of reply upon Lord Stanley's amendment, and the Premier was obliged to precede him in the debate. Under such circumstances, he pursued his usual tactics. His speech was long, ponderous, and diffuse. Two objects were gained thereby. The attention of the House was pretty well exhausted. It had ceased to listen with zest, and the heat and the crowded state of the Chamber were such that when Mr. Gladstone rose the House was already impatient for the division. The second advantage obtained by a speech of undue length is that an adversary who is driven into the "small hours" of the morning cannot, in the nature of things, secure so large a space and such minute attention to accuracy from the reporters. Mr. Disraeli was thus not long, verbose, and tiresome, without design. It was almost unprecedented for a Prime Minister on the night of a great debate to be assailed, as Mr. Disraeli was, by cries of "Divide, divide." Another Premier might be mortified and humiliated by the reflection cast upon his oratorical and debating powers. Mr. Disraeli saw in the impatience of the House a proof of the success of his manœuvre a tribute to his skill. His purpose was at first to amuse and then to weary the House, and he succeeded in doing both.

The Premier's speech was an example of his later and inferior manner. All these starts and sudden changes from *forte* to *pianissimo*—these studied modulations, compressed solemn tragedy tones, and varied gestures—were too theatrical to be effective. They lacked the modesty of nature. The orator's voice is as good and as strong as ever. His enunciation used to be so clear and distinct as to be a model for imitation. Yet Mr. Disraeli has fallen into a habit of delivering some entire sentences, and many parts of sentences, below his breath, slurring over his words with imperfect elocution, and dropping his voice at the end of a phrase. This new style of his makes listening to him a perpetual strain and effort. The present House of Commons is an excellent Chamber in which to make oneself heard; and Mr. Disraeli used to be singularly successful in making every syllable penetrate into every part of it. On Friday night, however, almost every one lost a passage now and then, and all over the Chamber the auditors might be heard asking each other, "What is that?" or "What does he say?" when the laugh from those across the table, or the cheer from those around the Speaker, showed that something good had been said. This affectation of indistinctness is so villanous, that if Hamlet could have imagined it in his player, he would have entreated him, as the House of Commons would enjoin Mr. Disraeli, to "reform it altogether."

The best bits of the speech were the personalities. Lord Cranborne's attack upon the Premier had been in one style, and now the reply of Mr. Disraeli was in another. The weapon of the one was vituperation, and of the other sarcasm. It was the club of Orson against the rapier of Valentine. In a highly-polished audience, satire will always be a more effective instrument of punishment than railing or invective, and the Premier's defence was therefore more to the taste of the House than the onslaught of his late colleague. Lord Cranborne's castigation of Mr. Disraeli would be called, in the language of the P. R., a piece of heavy "slogging" punishment—a getting of his man's head "into chancery," and "pegging away" until the sympathies of the bystanders are excited in his favour, and they feel a desire to "cut the ropes." On Friday, when it was the Premier's turn, he appeared to be hitting with the gloves on, and fencing with the foil. It has been observed more than once that, while Lord Cranborne never spares him either with tongue or pen, Mr. Disraeli always has reserves with his opponent, and lets him down as easily as he can. He never for a moment loses sight of Lord Cranborne's capabilities for office, and the probability that at no distant period he must secure him again for a colleague. He knows that his opponent has the ambition to serve his country, and he is particularly careful to say nothing to embitter the quarrel between them. Notice how easily and compassionately he lets him off. "The noble lord has great vigour in his invective, and he has no want of vindictiveness (cheers). I confess I am now speaking as a critic, and perhaps not as an impartial one; and I must say I think his invective wants finish" (cheers and laughter). How mild the censure! "It wants finish"—that is, it is time there was an end of it. Disraeli could not forget that his noble friend had once said of him in the *Quarterly*, that he "had a faculty for landing his party in a ditch," and that the attacks upon him are kept up in a weekly publication to which Lord Cranborne is supposed to have access. So he added a mild word or two of rebuke on this score:—"Considering that the noble lord has written anonymous articles before and since I was his colleague—I do not know whether he wrote them when

I was his colleague (laughter, and a particularly offensive cry of 'oh!' from Mr. Sandford)—I think the task might have been accomplished more *ad unguem*."

Whatever motives of policy existed for sparing Lord Cranborne, the case was otherwise with Mr. Lowe. As an example of brilliant epigrammatic personality, it will rank with Mr. Disraeli's most successful efforts. Mr. Lowe appears to have few personal friends, and no following in the House of Commons. Many of the Whigs and moderate Liberals consider that his opposition to the Russell-Gladstone Administration, and his contributions towards the defeat of their Reform Bill, proceeded from unworthy motives. Some regard him as the real author of household suffrage, and do not respect him the more on this account. Mr. Lowe appears to live in an atmosphere of antagonism, and Mr. Disraeli proceeded to turn the fact to account with exquisite skill:—"Sir, the only objection I have to make to the attacks of the noble lord is, that they invariably produce an echo from the other side. That seems to be now almost a Parliamentary law. When the bark is heard from this side, the right hon. member for Calne emerges, I will not say from his cave, but perhaps from a more cynical habitation." This method of dubbing Mr. Lowe as another Diogenes, and of suggesting that he does not live after all in a cave, but in a tub, produced a burst of laughter. "He joins immediately in the chorus of reciprocal malignity (much laughter), and wails his monstrous melody to the moon." The right hon. gentleman the member for Calne is a very remarkable man. He is a learned man, though he despises history (a laugh). He is almost as skilled in logic as Dean Aldrich; but what is more remarkable than his learning and his logic, is that power of spontaneous aversion which particularly characterizes him (laughter). There is nothing that he likes, and almost everything that he hates (renewed laughter). He hates the working-classes of England. He hates the Roman Catholics of Ireland. He hates the Protestants of Ireland. He hates her Majesty's Ministers (laughter). And until the right hon. gentleman the member for South Lancashire placed his hand upon the ark, he seemed almost to hate the right hon. gentleman the member for South Lancashire (great laughter). But now all is changed. Now we have the Hour and the Man (cheers and laughter). But I believe the clock goes wrong, and the Man is not here."

The crowded Chamber was in an ecstasy of delight at this piece of Parliamentary "flouting." Royal personages, peers, bishops, strangers in the galleries, the ladies upstairs, the Ministerial benches, the Opposition benches, all laughed audibly and persistently, so that you might have thought you were assisting at an Adelphi farce of the days of Liston and John Reeve. Parliamentary veterans declared that the phrase of "spontaneous aversion" would stick, and become a classic joke. The Prime Minister next laid a snare, in which he caught the entire House. "If I have for a moment trespassed upon the attention of the House (said Mr. Disraeli), they will allow me to say that it has been in fair self-defence (cheers). *I have never attacked any one in my life*—." This was said with great slowness and deliberation, and, as the sentence seemed to have come to an end, the amazing and splendid audacity of the declaration elicited a thundering "Oh!" from the entire Opposition benches. From the benches below the Ministerial gangway there speedily came up vociferous cries of "Peel! Peel!" The orator did not vouchsafe to notice the interruption, but quietly finished the phrase, as if he had not been interrupted—"unless I was first attacked." The House had walked into the trap, and felt that it had been, to use the slang of the day, completely "sold." Yet it pardoned the orator in consideration of the ingenuity with which he had extricated himself from what seemed to be a gigantic "fib." The members who had cried "Peel!" seemed for the moment puzzled and surprised at the assertion that Sir Robert Peel was the aggressor in that quarrel, and that Mr. Disraeli was only acting in self-defence.

Mr. Gladstone described the Premier's speech as discursive and irrelevant, and said that some portions were "due to the influence of a heated imagination." The House appeared to catch at some occult insinuation, and cheers and laughter showed that it put its own interpretation upon the phrase "a heated imagination." Others have spoken of the speech as in places "moony;" and the *Pall Mall*, by no means putting too fine a point upon it, calls it "post-prandial." Mr. Pitt, who is said to have drunk a bottle or two of port before making his later speeches, would not greatly have resented this imputation, and would have rejoined that his speeches were all the better for being post-prandial. This interpretation may partly explain the mysterious whispers and the indistinct elocution before referred to, which kept old Mr. Henley's hand to his ear the whole time. My difficulty is this. Mr. Disraeli began to

address the House at half-past ten, and spoke for two hours and a half—time enough for an orator to "work off" the effects of any stimulant which may have been necessary to "get up the steam" at starting. As the peroration, accusing Mr. Gladstone of being the representative of a combination of the High Ritualistic party with the Irish Papists for the destruction of the Irish Church, was more "moony" and "post-prandial" than the middle of the speech, I am driven to the supposition that the glass of colourless fluid with which Mr. Whitmore dutifully supplied the Premier, and which to all outward seeming was drawn from the "crystal spring," really contained something stronger than water. The supposition is somewhat violent and uncharitable, but I am unable in any other manner to reconcile the orator's clearness in the repartee and "badge of conquest" passages with the "heated imagination" and "muddle" of the peroration. The Ritualistic passage, it has been found, moreover, wants explanation; for a Conservative organ, speaking as if with authority, announces that when Mr. Disraeli said the High Ritualists were in league with the Roman Catholics for the destruction of the Irish Church, he only intended to designate "certain extreme men, who have openly avowed their hostility to the Establishment." There is a moral in this, and another time Mr. Whitmore must really be more cautious. Let him remember that his chief is not there to "say—'when!'"

The difference between the two orators was never more palpably shown. Mr. Gladstone's superiority was manifest, easy, and undeniable. His voice rang high and clear through the Chamber, and his persuasive and elevated rhetoric exercised the peculiar charm imparted by sympathy and earnestness. He was, as we have seen, driven into a corner by the tactics of the Premier, being obliged to answer in an hour and a half a speech of nearly twice that duration.

There was less excitement during the division than is usual on great party conflicts, owing to the certainty that the Government would be beaten. It was Mr. Glyn's *début* as Mr. Brand's successor, and the member for Lewes himself never announced a more triumphant and more important victory. As the numbers, "Against Lord Stanley's amendment, 330, and "For it, 270," were announced, the Liberals expressed their astonishment and delight over their splendid majority of sixty by the most enthusiastic and prolonged cheers which have been heard from that side of the House for a long time. Mr. Glyn began to announce the numbers before there was a lull in the cheering which greeted the march of the tellers up the floor. But he was cooler and less flurried next time, and the majority of fifty-six on the motion for going into Committee was hailed with shouts scarcely less hearty and reiterated. Loud and spontaneous cheers again broke out when the Speaker left the chair, and the House went into Committee on Mr. Gladstone's first resolution. The House immediately afterwards resumed, upon the understanding that it will again go into Committee on the first Monday after the recess, namely, the 27th inst., when the Premier will give the resolutions his "unequivocal opposition." It was half-past three in the grey dawn of a fine April morning before members issuing into New Palace-yard discovered an excited crowd of persons who had remained all night around the precincts of the House, in order to hear the result of the division and cheer Mr. Gladstone.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

VICTOR EMMANUEL has conceived the idea of making the approaching marriage of Prince Humbert conducive to the cementing of the reconciliation between Italy and Austria, and has expressed his desire that the Imperial family of Vienna should be represented at the ceremony. This invitation has been cordially accepted by the Emperor, who has appointed his brother Louis Victor to be present at the marriage in his name. It is well that every opportunity should be taken of removing whatever ill-feeling may exist between the Italians and their quondam oppressors.

By slow degrees, but with promise of actual success, the Italian Parliament is giving its sanction to the financial measures of the Government. The Lower House has closed its discussion of the Grinding-Tax Bill in a sense favourable to its ultimate adoption; but has reserved its final vote upon the whole Bill in accordance with an order of the day, accepted by the Government some time ago, by which the final vote was postponed until after the discussion of the other financial measures.

The whole of Count Cambray-Digny's plan seems to be regarded hopefully, as promising the resources of the country a speedier and safer development than has hitherto been possible. It is to be wished, however, that the members of the Italian Parliament would enable the public business to move on a little faster, by denying themselves the pleasure of listening to their own voices. Parliamentary life at Florence is remarkable rather for the sluggishness than the activity of Constitutional Government.

THE reply of Prince Carl von Auersperg, the President of the Ministry, to the Church dignitaries who have remonstrated against the Civil Marriage Bill, is conceived distinctly in that liberal spirit which has changed the Austrian Government from a pattern of absolutism into one of the most advanced samples of constitutionalism on the Continent. It concedes in the most unreserved manner the Parliamentary right to decide how the nation is to be governed. There was a rumour some days ago which made it doubtful whether the Emperor would sanction the decision of the Reichsrath in this question. But Prince Auersperg's letter to the Church dignitaries resolves this doubt. He states that while the Bill was before the Reichsrath the fullest opportunity was given for discussion, and was not only given, but was used. The duty of the Ministry has thus been reduced to a respectful abstinence from interference.

BUT if the Government gains by the transfer of its powers into the hands of the national representation, the Church cannot fairly be said to be a loser. "The Government," we use the words of the telegram, "puts forward no claims extending beyond the legitimate limits of State power," with the fullest regard for religious liberty it will neither coerce the Church, nor help it to coerce others. It, therefore, declines entering upon that part of the remonstrance which, even though unintentionally, "makes the obligations imposed upon the State officials by the Constitution the subject of an interpretation calculated to lead the sentiment of duty in the minds of those officials astray." The upshot of this is that Church and State in Austria will stand henceforth on their own several grounds. The two powers, the secular and the spiritual, are coming to this in all countries. And we believe that the Church will be the gainer. In the brightest and most glorious days of Christianity its relations to the State were those of a martyr towards an oppressor. It would, of course, be easily possible to push the example of the early Church too far. But that point has not yet been reached in Austria.

THE war in South America has taken a turn favourable to Brazil and its allies, and very unfavourable to Paraguay. It has raged for three years, and it seemed impossible for all the force which the allied Powers could bring into action to dislodge President Lopez from his strong position at Humaita. Towards the end of February, however, this feat was accomplished. The Brazilian ironclads ran the gauntlet of the Humaita batteries, mounting 180 cannon, and a land party stormed one of the most formidable works of the Paraguayans, taking fifteen cannon and a quantity of stores. In England the contest between shot and ironclad has been decided, thus far, in favour of the former! But the Brazilian ships passed the whole of the Humaita batteries with ten men wounded and none killed. On the land side, 1,600 men were lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, out of the 6,000 who sustained the assault. The ships pushed on to the capital, Asuncion, 140 miles up the stream, and found it entirely abandoned. The whole of Paraguay is thus in the power of the allies, with the exception of Lopez's camp, at Humaita, which still held out. There is, however, a report that Lopez, in a fit of despair, and mistrustful of his officers, had ordered them to be shot, and meditated a flight across the Grand Chaco into Bolivia.

A DESPATCH from Valetta confirms the report that King Theodore is intrenched before Magdala, and is determined to fight. According to the same authority, the expeditionary force had left Antalo for Magdala. From Annesley Bay advices dated 27th ult., state that the 3rd Dragoons had left for headquarters by forced marches.

A HORRIBLE story is told of the famine in Algiers. Two women, each having a child, when all their resources were exhausted, agreed to eat their children. A compact was made and they cast lots. The woman who was unsuccessful in

drawing gave up her infant, which was devoured. Soon after, according to the agreement, the mother who had sacrificed her child, claimed that of her accomplice. The latter refused, and both went before the *Bureau Arabe* to have a decision on this extraordinary case. It is said that at Tiaret some French soldiers had been killed and eaten by the starving people.

WE exceedingly regret to hear that intelligence was received at New York, on the 7th inst., of the assassination at Ottawa, Canada, of Mr. Thomas d'Arcy Magee. Mr. Magee was one of the Young Irelanders of 1848. From being a rebel in Ireland he came to be one of the staunchest adherents of British authority in Canada, where he rose to be a member of the Legislature, and an office-holder under the Crown. During the civil war in the United States, he published a strong disclaimer against such a sympathy with the great American Republic as might be appealed to in order to urge the Canadas to desire annexation; and he has been a consistent enemy of the Fenian movement. Possibly his assassination may be due to this fact, but no clue to the murderer has been discovered.

THE following synopsis of American commerce for last year is interesting. The total value of the imports into the United States last year was \$378,629,945, while the total value of the exports from the United States in 1867 was set down at \$463,398,863. The value of the cotton manufactures imported last year was \$23,180,523; of iron and steel and kindred manufactures, \$26,465,763; of sugar and molasses, \$46,277,170; of wool and kindred manufactures, \$42,736,599; and of gold and silver, \$10,716,501. The value of the principal articles of export was—breadstuffs, \$55,837,056; raw cotton, \$194,960,398; oils and petroleum, \$19,210,242; tobacco and kindred manufactures, \$28,118,460; and gold and silver, \$665,994,978. Dividing last year into three parts, it appears that in the first third of the year the value of the imports into the United States was \$132,327,816; in the second third, \$137,115,786; and in the third third, \$109,186,343. The value of the exports made from the United States in the first third of last year was \$183,869,779; in the second third, \$145,728,394; and in the third third, \$133,800,690.

JERSEY has been visited by an earthquake which made itself felt by two distinct shocks, which followed each other in rapid succession and considerably alarmed the inhabitants of the island. On Saturday morning last, between one and two o'clock, many of the residents of St. Helier's were awakened by the noise, which seemed as if produced by a heavy vehicle or other heavy object being dragged over rough paving-stones. People rose from their beds in great fright, which was by no means lessened at the distinct vibration of the furniture noticed in several dwellings. As far as could be ascertained, the course of the vibration appeared to be from east to west.

ONE of the German newspapers contains an article on the Irish Church, in which Mr. Gladstone is described as the "old leader of the Peelites, with oily speech, biting a sour apple, and endeavouring to throw up an immense quantity of Liberal dust in order to blind people's eyes, while in reality he leaves everything much as it was, like the Ministry, and puts off every improvement." Further on, the same journal remarks, with more point and truth, that "in Ireland there exists a State Church, which completely puts aside all statistical facts, and rules over the population with such dense obliviousness to the real state of things, that our Professor Jäger would find his heart's delight in it, only unfortunately it so happens that, in this case, the Catholics are those who suffer."

THE analysis of the division at the close of the Irish Debate shows that 45 of the Irish members voted with Mr. Gladstone, whilst 42 voted with the Ministers. Colonel Vandeleur, a Conservative and a Roman Catholic member, abstaining from voting. The House is thus accounted for:—

Ayes	331
Noes	270
Speaker	1
Tellers	4
Vacant Seats:—Launceston, Reigate, Totnes, Wycombe, Lancaster (2)	6
Pairs and Absentees	46

Total..... 658

THE House of Commons is so built that the Speaker has from time to time to settle disputes between the members as to a right to seats. Last week, Colonel Greville complained that Colonel Sykes had removed his hat from the place he had temporarily vacated, and put himself in its place. Both gentlemen addressed the Speaker on the subject, and the Speaker decided against Colonel Sykes.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* gives some notes on the diplomatic service, by which it appears that the good berths are in the hands of persons immediately connected with the aristocracy. Attached to embassies in Europe we have three lords, three honourables, one noble family, two gentlemen,—seven against two. The "missions" are represented by one lord, six honourables, one baronet, seven noble families, six gentlemen,—fifteen against six. In America we have no lords, two honourables, and four gentlemen; while in the East the plain gentlemen have it all to themselves. These figures were taken from the remarks of Mr. Layard made in 1865.

THE public will learn with great satisfaction that there was not the slightest foundation for the rumour that went the round of the clubs, and which was generally discussed with much heat, that Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein was to receive the colonelcy of "Prince Albert's Own Hussars," rendered vacant by the death of Lord Cardigan. According to the *Army and Navy Gazette*, it is not improbable that Lord George Paget will be transferred from his present regiment, the 7th Dragoon Guards, to the 11th Hussars, General Key becoming colonel of the 7th.

MARIA S. RYE is once more before the public with her female emigration scheme. That indefatigable lady intends to leave England for Canada at the end of next month, and will be accompanied by one hundred poor working girls, if the subscriptions which she solicits cover the necessary expenses. We are told that thousands of working women are wanted in the western districts of Canada, and, from Government reports, needlewomen, dressmakers, and general servants are likely to get plenty of employment there. Till the young women obtain employment, Miss Rye, according to her usual arrangements, will provide for their maintenance and protection. It appears that the cost of the voyage out per adult is about £6, and although a limited accommodation will be provided to enable a few families to join the party, yet the subscription will be used exclusively on behalf of the single women, all of whom are almost, if not entirely, destitute. The lady thus concludes the appeal she has addressed to the *Times*:—"The immense number of girls applying for assistance, who are either orphans or totally friendless, convinces me that without some such aid as that for which I now plead they can never rise out of their present slough of despond, or, in very few instances, ever become in this country even respectable members of society."

DR. SELWYN, the new Bishop of Lichfield, is carrying that energy which made his success in New Zealand so remarkable into the work of his English diocese. A new iron church for the use of the colliery population at Talk-o'-th'-hill, Ham, North Staffordshire, has just been consecrated, and upon the occasion the admission was by tickets only, and thus the very persons for whom the church was intended were excluded. The Bishop, without giving any one notice of his intention, quietly left the building during the singing of the hymn before the sermon, and preached bareheaded to the people assembled on the outside. In a report of the sermon we are told, he reminded them of the great catastrophe of 1866, and of the dangerous character of their occupation; he urged that, as the soil was undermined by them, so was life undermined by sin and death, and pressed them to seek the only refuge from death eternal. The circumstance of coming outside to address them, and his lordship's earnestness and sincerity, which are evident to all who hear him, made a deep impression on his hearers, which was heightened by his allusion to their occupation, and to the shocking accident which cost ninety-one colliers their lives.

IN contrast with this manly and unconventional conduct, we hear of the incumbent of one of the churches in Leeds recently giving notice to the female candidates for confirmation belonging to his congregation, that the "young ladies" were to meet at the parsonage, and the "young women" were to assemble in

the school-room. We should very much like to hear the rebuke a bishop with the courage of a Selwyn, to whose attention this notice had been directed, would administer to this clerical snob.

TEACHERS are already in the field against the Duke of Marlborough's Education Bill. A meeting consisting of Government certificated schoolmasters, and presided over by Mr. Edwin Chadwick, has been held in the rooms of the Social Science Association, Adam-street, Adelphi, and a series of resolutions adopted, of which the following is a summary:—

"1st. Condemnatory of the Revised Code and its operation. 2nd. The recognition and maintenance of a properly trained and duly qualified body of teachers is essential to any system of education. 3rd. Provision must be made in any new Bill for the due supply of pupil teachers. 4th. No system of elementary education supported by local rates will be satisfactory, unless it be checked by higher controlling influences, and directed by the central executive power. 5th. It is not desirable that the terms on which grants are made to schools be fixed by any Act of Parliament. 6th. Approving the employment of elementary teachers in middle-class schools, as opening a chance of promotion to certificated schoolmasters."

WHILE the teachers are looking after their own interests, and what they consider to be the interests of the children under their instruction, the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, and its President, the Earl of Lichfield, are striving to give practical effect to the resolutions of the conference of working men held last month on the vital question of the technical training of artisans. The consent of Dr. W. B. Carpenter, F.R.S., and Professor Warrington Smyth, to deliver lectures, together with conditional promises of co-operation from several equally distinguished men of science, have been obtained. A sub-committee is charged with the duty of ascertaining what are the existing means of technical instruction available to working men; and steps have also been taken for the representation of the artisans in the course of the inquiries to be prosecuted by Mr. Bernhard Samuelson's Parliamentary select committee.

MR. FEARON, the Assistant Commissioner in the recent school inquiry, tells a capital story of a visit he paid to a grammar-school, which, in spite of its endowment, was almost devoid of scholars. The mayor and other members of the corporation of the place were courteous enough to meet the Assistant Commissioner, and he naturally turned to them for an explanation of the deplorable condition of the school. The municipal mind was slow in arriving at a conclusion, but when it did manage to obtain an idea, it was by no means a bad one. After a pause, we are told one of the citizens exclaimed:—"I think, sir, if the Commissioners want to know why this school does not fulfil its founder's intentions, you cannot do better than send them a photograph of the schoolmaster."

IN a recent case at the petty sessions at Whitchurch (Salop) it came out in evidence that in preparing fowls for the market the birds are plucked alive. The Secretary to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals sent a communication to the magistrates in which he informed them that the cruel practice was followed with the object of making the fowls appear plumper when displayed in the shops. The defendant, of course, pleaded in defence the custom of the trade, and said that he had first bled the fowl by cutting its throat, which was his ordinary practice; "but fowls would sometimes flap and struggle if they were plucked before they were cold." He called a poulterer named Thomas Muirhead, who deposed that he was in a large way of business, and that he was in the habit of killing between 5,000 and 6,000 fowls per week. He always plucked them in the same way as Fletcher had done. The Shropshire magistrates very properly fined the delinquent twenty-four shillings, including costs, with the alternative of fourteen days' imprisonment. We recommend this case to the serious attention of the metropolitan butchers. Surely the trade cruelties practised in the slaughter of calves might be equally made the subject of a judicial fine. At all events, it is worth while for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to try the question.

IT is a pleasing sign of the times when we find the Corporation of the City of London interesting themselves in

questions relating to the fine arts. It is true the subject brought before the Common Council is not a very momentous one, but we are only too happy to hail it as a prospect of better things to come. A report from the City Lands Committee was brought up by Mr. John Symonds, their chairman, recommending the purchase by the Corporation of a portrait of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, painted by Mr. James Luntley, for the sum of 75 guineas. The likeness was admitted to be good, but the work was sharply criticised in other respects. Mr. Bedford especially opposed the purchase, and asked how many of "such things" the Corporation was to have. He suggested the proper course for them to take was to ask permission of the Sultan to take his Imperial Majesty's portrait, and then, in the event of obtaining that permission, to engage the very best man of the day to paint it. This particular picture was in a very valuable frame, worth about £12, and he suggested the Corporation should buy the frame, if anything. But the truth was they did not want it. If it was very cheap, as it was said to be, let somebody else buy it. Dr. Saunders said the picture, though defective in drawing, was as good as many that were already in Guildhall. Mr. McGeorge contended that the Corporation should have a portrait of the Sultan worthy alike of his Imperial Majesty and of themselves. On a division the motion for purchasing Mr. Luntley's picture was carried by 39 to 21.

MR. JOHNSTON, who is undergoing his second month's imprisonment in Downpatrick Gaol, is treated with greater leniency than at first. The Irish Government have ordered the prison discipline to be relaxed in his favour, and Mr. Johnston is allowed to receive visits from his friends in a separate apartment, and is also furnished with writing materials, books, and newspapers. Numerous Orange lodges continue to present addresses to the prisoner, and as soon as his term of imprisonment expires, his friends, it is expected, will make a hero of him.

THE last recorded move on the part of the Fenians (if it be not a hoax) is a threatening letter addressed to Calcraft, the executioner, and received by him the night before the double execution of Faherty, the Droydsden murderer, and Miles Weatherhill, the murderer of Mr. Plow. The following is a copy of this document:—

"Sir,—I write to tell you to take care of yourself; for as sure as I have a pen in my hand you will be shot to-morrow morning, at eight o'clock. I suppose you think you got home very well when you hung the Fenians last November, but you will not get home alive again. Is that plain English? There will be about 100 Fenians in the morning with loaded revolvers ready to bang off at you. So give this up for a bad job for this time. So look out, nothing can save you this time. So my parting advice is that you may pray to God before you go on the scaffold. Good bye, from

"A FENIAN."

"Mr. Calcraft."

THE police and constabulary forces throughout the kingdom are expressing their sympathy by collecting subscriptions for the discharged Inspector Miller, late of the Surrey constabulary, who, it appears, has been dismissed from his post for no other reason than simply taking in the *Police Service Advertiser*. Not knowing this journal we are unable to discover the enormity of Mr. Miller's crime, but if his enforced removal arises from no other cause, it bears upon its face the stamp of official tyranny which cannot be too highly censured. At the head of the subscription list are the names of Mr. C. J. Smith, mayor of the borough of Reigate, and Messrs. J. Farquhar and Wilson Saunders, borough magistrates, gentlemen of position, whose sympathy is a guarantee that the ex-inspector has been badly treated.

THE will of Mr. Charles John Kean, the tragedian, who died at his residence, Bayswater, on the 22nd of January last, at the age of fifty-seven, has been proved in the London Court, by Mr. James R. Fergusson, of Gloucester-place, Portman-square, barrister-at-law, and Mr. Charles W. Young, Essex-street, Strand. The personalty was sworn under £35,000. The will is dated June 30, 1866. His wife is to have a life-interest in the sum of £25,000, and after her decease he leaves the principal to his daughter Mary Maria Kean. He also bequeaths to Mrs. Kean all the presentation plate, jewellery, and specific articles given to him, whether by private individuals or as public testimonials, and the residue of his property. To his daughter he leaves £100 a year during the life of her mother; and to his niece, Martha Elizabeth Chapman, daughter of John Kemble

Chapman, brother-in-law of his wife, a legacy of £1,000, and an annuity of £150 free of duty.

THE Lord Chamberlain has licensed the obnoxious play of "Oliver Twist" for the Queen's Theatre, and has thrown over the Bumbles and his own official censors. Dr. Brady brought the matter before the House of Commons on Friday night week, just prior to the great debate on the Irish Church question, and Mr. Hardy, the Home Secretary, was instructed to say that a low piece called "Oliver Twist"—alluding to the ordinary acting edition of the drama—had been prohibited for some years, but that no desire had ever been shown to stop Mr. Oxenford's new adaptation. Mr. Hardy was probably not aware when he said this that the rehearsals had been stopped for a week while the Licensor of Plays was looking over the proof-sheets and writing letters to say that he had little hope of the department licensing the drama. This surrender of a principle is very characteristic of the Lord Chamberlain's department. When St. Martin's Hall was a hall, and not the New Queen's Theatre, as it is now called, the proprietors made several applications to the Lord Chamberlain and his deputies for a dramatic license, stating that such a privilege, if granted, would save their property from impending ruin. The stereotyped answer they got was always to this effect:—"Impossible: next door to a coachbuilder's—coachbuilder's very inflammable trade—impossible." The hall was then sold and converted into a theatre, the exits and entrances were not improved, the coachbuilder's was not removed, and yet the building was licensed by the Lord Chamberlain. A refusal would have led to an outcry, and the Lord Chamberlain hates outcries; the house, moreover, counted amongst its new proprietary the owner of an influential newspaper and a prominent member of Parliament.

MIDLE. AZELLA had a narrow escape at the Holborn Amphitheatre the other night. She fell from the trapeze in one of her "flights," and was seriously shaken and completely unnerved. The exhibition is a very disgusting one; the interest of it consisting chiefly in the excitement promoted by thinking of the chances of a good-looking and graceful woman being killed on the spot, or maimed for life. It is not rendered less unpleasant by the appearance of two fat Frenchmen as assistants, who either act or feel the danger of the performance to such an extent as to give their faces an expression of anxiety not at all reassuring to look at. We perceive that as Middle. Azella has been knocked out of time for the recreation of the public, another flying female has been secured, "whose terrific flights on the lofty trapeze have astonished the whole of Continental Europe."

IN this age of Conferences the only matter for surprise is not that railway shareholders should combine to form one, but that they have not done so earlier. The Manchester Railway Shareholders' Association have announced for the 14th and 15th inst. a national Conference of railway shareholders, to be held in the town-hall of that city, under the presidency of Lord Cranborne the first day, and under that of Mr. Platt, M.P., the succeeding one. The papers already announced to be read are, 1st, by Mr. Thomas Wrigley—On the importance of securing a more effective control over expenditure, with a special view to an accurate division of capital and revenue charges; 2nd, by Mr. C. H. Parkes—On the desirableness of enactments restricting any outlay by directors on capital account until the requisite funds have been provided, and on the expediency of making inquiry, before Parliamentary Committees, into the financial arrangements made by promoters of new railways; another by Mr. W. W. Halse—On the importance of a uniform system of railway accounts, and an absolute reform in the system of railway audits; and a 4th by Mr. Darby Griffith, M.P.—On the importance of revising the mode of taking votes upon all questions affecting railway interests and management, and on the best mode of electing directors to act on railway boards. The proceedings will be brought to a close by a discussion on the best means of securing mutual co-operation among railway companies, with a view to restrain the present costly system of competition, by establishing a more effective mode of friendly working arrangements.

SOME time since we called attention to the practice of wholesale angling, as noted in the *Field*, by "Greville F." We find him again writing to our contemporary:—"On Sunday fort-

night, four hundred and thirteen anglers went down to the neighbourhood of Pullborough and Amberley, by special tickets, on the Brighton and South Coast Railway, the Company contracting to carry them to and fro at cheap fares." A Mr. T. Orridge, of a club in correspondence with this set, "won a handicap with a roach of 10 oz.," that being the only fish caught. These troops of sporting characters invading the quiet country and the river-banks on Sundays, not for the sake of angling, but for the sake of winning some prize subscribed for in a London public-house, ought to be discouraged in every possible way. It appears that the boatmen describe them by the rather uncomplimentary title of "Pewter Potters."

MR. VERNON HARCOURT has published his decision on the cause of Lord Willoughby de Eresby in the *Times*. We believe most people will concur in the judgment, but the manner in which the details were set out, in the high-action style which we are accustomed to find associated with "Historicus," has not been generally admired. If the decision ought to have been printed at all, it is difficult to see why the arbitrator could not have limited himself to a simple announcement of the opinion he had arrived at without taking a preliminary canter through a whole column of a newspaper.

THE plan for the Easter Volunteer Review has broken down, and it is probable that most of the regiments will content themselves with firing and manœuvring on a small instead of on a large scale. The movement is very likely to collapse ingloriously if it is not better systematized. There seems to be no unanimity amongst the chief promoters, and we understand there is a general feeling of discontent and bad feeling between the officers and men of several divisions.

CAMBRIDGE University has this year been more than usually unsuccessful. She has again lost the boat-race on account of inferior generalship according to some, and the shallow, narrow, and obstructed reaches which characterize the river Cam, according to others. In the athletic sports she has been distanced by Oxford, to whom also the honour of winning both matches at billiards belongs. The only consolation left to Cambridge is the success of her representatives at rackets, those gentlemen having pulled off the "double event."

THE painful revelations connected with the subject of baby-farming have inspired a number of charitable ladies, with Lady Petre at their head, to found a *crèche*, on the model of those existing in France and Germany, and other parts of the Continent. In this instance, the *crèche* is intended for the benefit of the poor belonging to the Roman Catholic community, the subscriptions having been raised entirely by their well-to-do co-religionists. A large house, between Oxford-street and Manchester-square, in the midst of a very poor district, has been taken; and here mothers who have to gain a livelihood away from their homes will be enabled to leave their children during the day. The infants will be well cared for by the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, and will be fed and clothed free of expense to their parents. It is also proposed to have in the same house a "Class of Perseverance" for poor girls, to keep them out of mischief until they are old enough to go to service. These girls will assist the sisters in tending the children, and will receive food, clothing, and education gratuitously. We have no doubt of the success of this undertaking, and trust the example may be followed throughout the metropolis and in our large provincial towns.

THE rapid progress made in scientific discovery is one of the distinguishing features of our time. Nor are our scientific pioneers contented with mere investigation—a discovery is no sooner announced than it is put to some practical purpose. At the present moment an interesting experiment is being tried in one of the most populous parts of London in connection with the unromantic but thoroughly important subject of watering our streets. A composition is being employed consisting of chlorides of sodium and calcium, which is said to have the power of retaining moisture, and hence will keep the streets moist and the dust down. The antiseptic properties of the salts will also aid in the destruction of the noxious products of decomposition. There is no doubt of the value of the services rendered by the London dustman and waterman; if these per-

sonages bring science to their aid, their value must be enhanced.

LAUGHING gas—or, as scientific men would call it, protoxide of nitrogen—is likely to be applied to more useful purposes than the amusement of juveniles attending popular lectures on chemistry. We learn from the *British Medical Journal* that Dr. Thomas W. Evans, of Paris, has been giving a series of demonstrations of its use at the Dental Hospital of London and at the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, to crowded circles of dentists and surgeons, and has produced results hitherto unknown here. Given by his and Colton's method, the period required to produce unconsciousness has been less than forty-five seconds; the operations have been harmless; the sensations of the patients agreeable; there has been no struggling or distress. The recovery has been almost instantaneous, and without headache, giddiness, sickness, or prostration, such as so frequently follow chloroform. The use of this anæsthetic seems to have been hinted at by Sir Humphrey Davy. The discovery is an interesting one, and likely to prove of great value, especially in minor surgical operations.

THE report of the Special Committee of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce on the question of the Bankruptcy laws and commercial immorality, to which allusion was made last week, has been considered at a special meeting of the members of the Chamber, and instructions issued to make a further report. In the course of the discussion which ensued, it was mentioned that the Government Bill brought into Parliament by Lord Cairns, and which we notice in another column, embodies nearly all the suggestions of the committee. Mr. A. T. Squarey, the chairman, said that the committee were of opinion that the chief causes of commercial immorality might be traced to the system of "private arrangements," and the unsatisfactory state of the present Bankruptcy laws as to the future acquired property of bankrupts, the system of "sham" bills of exchange, and the fictitious appearance of prosperity which ship-owners were enabled to assume, owing to the manner in which mortgagees of ships could defer the enforcement of their rights, by non-registration of their deeds, until they thought fit to register them for their own protection.

THE life insurance business of the Government is slowly, but surely, growing. From the commencement in April, 1865, to the end of last year, the Postmaster-General reports 551 contracts for immediate annuities, representing a total amount of £12,393. 17s. 2d. The number of deferred annuities and monthly allowances with money not returnable was 57, the amount being £1,125. 11s.; and of annuities and allowances with the money returnable, 101, representing the sum of £1,917. 18s. The contracts for sums payable at death were 1,532, the total sum insured being £114,900. 4s. 7d. The charges for management within the same period amounted to £2,911. 0s. 1d., and fees had been received on the grant of certain annuities amounting to £735. 12s. 7d.

THE United States still continues at the head of those countries from which we import wheat. In the two months ending February 29, this year, we received 1,427,646 cwt. of wheat from the United States, against 409,301 cwt. in the corresponding period of 1867, and 259,797 cwt. in the corresponding period of 1866. The wheat imports from Russia, which ranks next, declined, on the other hand, to 1,329,785 cwt. in the first two months of this year, against 1,501,220 cwt. in the corresponding period of 1867, and 2,110,657 cwt. in the corresponding period of 1866.

CONSOLS are quoted 93½ to 94 for money and 93½ for the account (May 5). The English funds during the earlier part of the week have been firm, and there has been a fair amount of business done in the principal stocks of home railways. Foreign securities have been flat. Business as a rule has been influenced by the approach of the holidays. The Stock Exchange was closed on Good Friday, and Monday next is also a fixed holiday there. At the election for directors of the Bank of England on the 15th inst., Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, son of Baron Rothschild, M.P. for London, and Mr. C. Goschen, brother of the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P. for London, will be the two new names proposed in the "House List." The Board of Trade have intimated that it is intended to supplement the monthly trade accounts of the United Kingdom with corresponding

accounts of the foreign countries in which such accounts are published. The first of this new series of accounts has just been issued. The Great Western Railway Company have issued an advertisement relative to the arrangements for paying in cash the outstanding provisional certificates and vouchers issued in lieu of dividends for the half-years ending the 31st January and 31st July, 1867. The liquidators of the West London Wharves and Warehouses Company (Limited) have issued a statement of the progress of the winding-up, and have at the same time announced a call of £2. 10s. per share, the accounts showing that "there is no reason to believe that the unsecured creditors can receive any dividend for a considerable period otherwise than by moneys to be raised from calls."

THE amount of new business effected by the British Empire Mutual Life Assurance Company during the year 1867 was £207,956. The income for the year was £90,906. 3s. 8d., and the accumulated fund, arising solely from premiums, had reached £389,437. 4s. 9d., showing an increase of £45,993 in the year. The company has now completed its twenty-first year. Since its formation, it has issued 17,394 policies, assuring an aggregate sum of £3,899,870. At the meeting of the Agra Bank (Limited) the directors' report, which has been published, was adopted. The chairman stated that everything is going on to the satisfaction of the board, and he described the prospects of the undertaking as good. The Union Steamship Company have declared a dividend of £1 per share for the six months. A special general meeting of the North London Railway Company is convened for the 23rd inst., for various objects, one of which is "to give the necessary authority for raising the additional capital of £300,000, authorized by 'The North London Railway Act, 1867.'" The annual meeting of the Rio de Janeiro Gas Company (Limited) is fixed for the 16th inst. On the 17th, a petition for the winding up of the General Provident Assurance Company (Limited) is to be heard before Vice-Chancellor Stuart. The Australian Mortgage, Land, and Finance Company (Limited) will hold their meeting on the 22nd inst. The half-yearly meeting of the Great Central Gas Consumers' Company (Limited), and that of the Demarara Railway Company, are fixed for the 24th; and on the following day, an extraordinary meeting of the East India Irrigation and Canal Company will be held, "To receive and consider a statement of the directors with reference to the position of the company and its affairs, and the correspondence which has lately passed between the Secretary of State in Council and the directors, as to a sale and transfer to the Government of the Company's undertakings in Orissa and Behar, or in lieu thereof a loan by the Secretary of State in Council to the company."

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

At the Royal Italian Opera, "Don Carlos" has been given for the eighth and ninth times since its first production here last year, with Mdle. Fricci's powerful performance as the Princess Eboli, the principal feature, now as formerly. The excellent declamatory singing of this lady in the several passages of tragic passion between the Princess and the Queen, and with Don Carlos, again called forth loud demonstrations of approval. The part of Elisabeth de Valois was again effectively rendered by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington; those of Don Carlos, Philip II., and Rodrigo being, as before, assigned to Signor Naudin, M. Petit, and Signor Graziani—Signor Capponi, as the Grand Inquisitor, being an effective substitute for Signor Bagagiolo pending the arrival of that gentleman. Notwithstanding the prevalent gloom and heaviness of the music of "Don Carlos," its representation here is so admirable as to compensate, by its efficiency and splendour, for the want of those lighter tuneful qualities which, in other instances, have rendered Verdi so popular a composer. On Saturday Madame Fioretti reappeared, after an interval of three years, as Gilda in Verdi's "Rigoletto," for which part a new singer, Mdle. Vanzini, had been announced—the appearance of the latter lady having been transferred to Thursday evening in "Un Ballo in Maschera." Madame Fioretti is favourably remembered for her various excellent impersonations during former seasons in serious opera, and her present performances fully sustained the high reputation which she had previously acquired. In the scenes of passion with her father she was especially successful in expressing the agony of the wronged

and betrayed Gilda. It was rather in the declamatory power of these situations than in the scenes of tenderness with her anonymous lover, the Duke, that Madame Fioretti made her chief successes. Her reception was highly favourable, especially in the great duet with Rigoletto, at the end of the second act, which was followed by loud applause, and a recall of Madame Fioretti and Signor Graziani. The part of the Court Jester has before been performed by Signor Graziani, who, although he cannot, in his acting, compensate for the absence of Signor Ronconi, yet sings the music so admirably as to eclipse in that respect the former representative of the part. In the scenes of earnestness and tragic passion, especially in the expression of wrath on learning the infamous conduct of the ducal tyrant, and the denunciation of vengeance against the betrayer, Signor Graziani displayed much real dramatic power, and produced a strong impression on his audience. His singing, it need scarcely be said, was characterized by all those qualities of voice and style which have long rendered him eminent. The Duke of Signor Mario is so well known a performance, that we need only say that it displayed the same artistic power as ever, although the singer's voice was much impaired by cold. Of Mdle. Mayer, who made her first appearance as Maddalena, we must wait for further opportunities of judging, in a part affording more scope, both vocal and dramatic.

On Saturday last that refined American singer, Mdle. Kellogg, reappeared at Her Majesty's Opera as Violetta in "La Traviata"—one of the characters in which that lady created so great an effect when she first appeared in this country at Her Majesty's Theatre in November last, and of which we spoke in detail at the time. Mdle. Kellogg has returned in full possession of all those varied powers which before caused such general admiration. The purity, brilliancy, and sympathetic quality of her voice; her finished vocalization and earnestness of style; with the grace and ease of her demeanour as an actress, render her one of the most complete of the very few satisfactory stage singers.

The usual Lent and Passion-week performances of the "Messiah" have been given by the Sacred Harmonic and National Choral Societies. In the former instance the soprano solos were sung by Mdle. Carola, who scarcely holds her ground with that efficiency which might justly be expected from one who has assumed so important a position. This young lady has a brilliant and powerful soprano voice, amply sufficient even for the large space of Exeter Hall. She appears to possess intelligence and aptitude for her profession; but she gives signs of the absence of sufficiently matured study for the position which she occupies. To mention one technical point—her shake, which is good as to closeness and rapidity, is frequently false in intonation; being almost invariably on the semitone. Moreover, Mdle. Carola does not appear to be very well acquainted with some of the music in which she has appeared—works that should be familiar to all cultivated musicians, and especially to artists who undertake their execution. In the performance of the "Messiah," at both institutions, Mr. Santley's splendid singing of the bass solos was, as usual, a marked and important feature.

That praiseworthy institution the Royal Society of Musicians held its hundred-and-thirtieth anniversary festival at Freemasons' Hall, on Thursday week, Mr. Alderman Salomons, M.P., presiding. Sir Thomas Gladstone's response to the toast of "The Patrons of the Society," included some very stringent remarks on the still insufficient recognition of music and musicians among arts and artists, and of the unjust neglect of both by the Government of this country. The list of donations included £52. 10s. from Messrs. Broadwood, the eminent pianoforte makers, the twenty-first donation by a firm that has altogether benefited this institution to the extent of some three thousand pounds.

The present series of Mr. Henry Leslie's concerts closed on Monday night with an extra concert of sacred music, in which the admirable singing of the choir was again conspicuous. In motets and psalms of various styles and periods, from Palestrina and Arcadelt to Mozart, Schubert, and Mendelssohn, the excellence of this choir was manifested; the last-named composer's sublime psalm, "Judge me, O God," being encored, as it has been at three of these concerts within a comparatively short period. Such music, so sung, will bear any number of repetitions.

The entire collection of Handel's conducting scores (124 volumes) has left London for Germany, the property now of Dr. Chrysander, editor of the new edition of Handel's works and life. What (asks the *Orchestra*) is the British Museum about to let these precious relics of the mighty Handel go out of the country?

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

ENGLISH STATESMEN SINCE THE PEACE.*

WE are told on the title-page of Mr. Keibel's book that the political sketches here collected were "intended originally for the use of Mechanics' Institutes," and in the Preface and Introduction that they were written for the pages of the *People's Magazine*, where, however, they did not appear, being considered by the conductors of that journal too political and not sufficiently biographical. In either case they were designed for the instruction of those who may be regarded as not very familiar with the details of politics, especially the politics of a bygone generation; and they are in consequence somewhat rudimentary in their character. We do not allege this as a fault, considering the purpose for which they were composed; perhaps, indeed, they would be all the better, having that end in view, if they were still more rudimentary. Mr. Keibel has certain opinions to inculcate, and the exact nature of these it is not always easy to divine. Had the sketches ever been delivered as a set of lectures before the members of a Mechanics' Institute, we fancy that the audience would have found themselves, after the completion of the course, in a somewhat bewildered frame of mind as to what was Mr. Keibel's own political creed, and what he desired to be theirs. We suppose the author would describe himself as a Liberal-Conservative; but that is a very vague designation, and its inherent obscurity is not illuminated by the exposition contained in this volume. Liberalism we all understand; Conservatism we all understand; but the combination of the two is a species of anomaly which puzzles and confounds the more we try to comprehend it. We cannot define its limits, fix its colour, or conceive its objects; and the feeling of perplexity which it engenders is in itself reason enough for distrusting and disliking it. In some respects Mr. Keibel seems to be as Liberal as any reasonable man can desire; but suddenly his tone changes, and the whole Tory stands confessed. If we could discover the principle upon which the broader view is made to give place to the narrower, we should perhaps regard the transformation with the less suspicion; but this is never made apparent. The different tints and outlines of Mr. Keibel's politico-historical picture brighten and fade and shift with a certain dream-like mystery and incoherence, or as the objects in dissolving views lapse into and out of one another, without the spectator being able to conceive how it is all brought about. Why, having gone thus far in the direction of Liberalism, he should not be wholly a Liberal, or why, having accepted so much of Toryism, he should not be wholly a Tory, is what we are constantly asking ourselves during the perusal of his book, without getting any answer. Where is the line of demarcation? What is the principle which defines the limits both of Toryism and Liberalism, and which, by creating a neutral ground between the two, provides Mr. Keibel with his standing-place, and offers the country, in Mr. Keibel's opinion, a Land of Promise for the future, wherein it may repose after its more than forty years' wanderings in the deserts? This is what we desire to have explained by the Liberal-Conservative party generally; this is what we find no attempt to explain in Mr. Keibel's little volume. The most definite elements in his creed seem to be dislike of the Whigs and admiration of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli; but the former is only a negative element, and the latter cannot be said to help the general question of principle, seeing that the position of the late, and still more of the present, head of the Conservative party is as difficult to fix or identify as the ever-changing shadow of "Junius" in Byron's "Vision of Judgment."

It should be noted that Mr. Keibel's sketches were written before the recent change which elevated Mr. Disraeli from the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to the Premiership. This, however, makes no material difference in the character or tendency of the essays, which the reader can easily complete in his own mind by the addition of the later facts. The plan of the work is to exclude all but Prime Ministers and leaders of the House of Commons; and the object is to give a brief review of the Parliamentary Government of this country since the year 1815. The statesmen selected are—Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Canning, Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen (linked together for certain similarities of opinion), Sir Robert Peel, Lord Grey, Lord Russell, Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli. These names fairly carry one over the fifty-three years from 1815 to the present moment, and in some respects

Mr. Keibel's review is interesting and suggestive. The author is evidently well read in politics and history; he is seldom unfair; he writes at times with point and acumen, though in a style not always very correct; he has the candour to admit the merits of his adversaries and the mistakes of his friends. The chief fault of his work lies in that vagueness which we have already noted as a consequence of the amphibious nature of "Liberal-Conservatism." With respect to many of the essays, however, we are inclined, on more specific grounds, to dispute the judgment of the writer. We think he underrates the political character and services of Lord Russell (many and serious as the errors of that statesman have undoubtedly been), and overrates those of Lord Derby. When he praises the latter for having changed from Liberal to Conservative principles, and for adopting a false commercial policy (admitted by Mr. Keibel himself to be false), out of mere opposition, he simply deifies obstinacy, and exalts a narrow petulance to the rank of a virtue. O'Connell, we are told, made Lord Derby a Conservative; Cobden made him a Protectionist. "His Whiggism in 1824 was the scorn of a great mind for the vulgarity of the dominant Tories. His Toryism of late years has been the scorn of a great mind for the vulgarity of the dominant Liberals." This, we venture to think, is very petty statesmanship indeed, and as instinct with "vulgarity" as the shallowest opinion of the noisiest declaimer. "Great minds" do not proceed by such rules of contrariety and personal antagonism; nor is there anything in the career of Lord Derby, able and brilliant as he undoubtedly is, which entitles him to be ranked among the "great minds" of the country. We are willing, however, to do him more justice than his indiscriminate admirer has done, and to believe that his change from the popular to the unpopular side was based on some actual principle which he believed to be right, and not on mere irritable opposition and quarrelsomeness. If it was right to become a Conservative or a Protectionist, it was equally right whether or not O'Connell was violent and Cobden narrow; if it was wrong to become a Conservative or a Protectionist, neither the violence of the Irishman nor the narrowness of the Englishman (conceding both to have been what Mr. Keibel says) could excuse Lord Derby in embracing one falsehood after another, simply that he might vent his spleen. "Lord Derby, we suspect," writes Mr. Keibel, "cares very little whether Catholics are muzzled or unmuzzled; whether Italy be one kingdom or several. But he cares a good deal about the fustian which has been talked on these subjects, and is bored by the eternal obtrusiveness, the unconscious impertinence, and the whitey-brown monotony, of newspaper Liberalism." If Lord Derby "cares very little" whether the great questions of the day go one way or another, as long as he can utter his poor little sarcasms against hope, and endeavour, and belief in principle, and regard for right, he is even less of a statesman than we take him to be, and certainly less of an honest man. But we repeat that we think better of him than Mr. Keibel, with all his flatteries, appears to think. He is an aristocrat by lineage, by tastes, and by associations; his early Liberalism was simply the effervescence of youth, and in becoming a Tory he followed what must be regarded as the natural instinct of his disposition. This, we believe, is the truest account that can be given of him, as it is certainly the most considerate.

The sketch of Mr. Disraeli is particularly interesting at the present moment, since it traces the strange, parti-coloured career of the existing Premier from the early days of his sentimental Radicalism, through the intermediate period of his cynical Conservatism, down to the final development of the Caucasian mystery in the form of a species of Tory democracy. Mr. Keibel contends that Mr. Disraeli has in all essentials been consistent throughout, his great object at all times being to break up the phalanx of Whig oligarchy which he saw rising immediately after the Reform Bill of 1832, and which he feared would, if unopposed, lead to a predominance as absolute and as long-enduring as that which resulted from the Revolution of 1688, and continued in the main down to the latter half of last century. Anything for the sake of destroying the Whigs: that, we are told, has been the guiding principle of Mr. Disraeli's political life, from the era of "Vivian Grey" to the present moment. For this end the young candidate was first a Radical and then a Tory—the motive in both cases being the same. This would be a complete vindication of Mr. Disraeli's consistency, and of his sincerity of purpose, if politics were made up of nothing but negative principles—if statesmen were simply required to be *not* Whigs, or *not* Tories. But we venture to suggest that a few positive principles are necessary to the case as well. Granting Whig predominance to be as undesirable as Mr. Disraeli himself conceived it to be, it was yet

* *English Statesmen since the Peace of 1815.* By T. E. Keibel, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "Essays upon History and Politics." Intended originally for the Use of Mechanics' Institutes. London: Bemrose & Sons.

a most essential question whether it was wrong from the Radical or the Tory point of view, the two being diametrically opposed. To say that either would do, provided Whiggism were destroyed, was not statesmanship, but faction—not political morality, but personal spite. Mr. Keibel here utterly fails to vindicate the character of the present Prime Minister; but in describing some elements of his political system we think he has evinced much discernment, and in the following passage he shows that he clearly comprehends a tendency of the present day, which, whether for good or for evil, is unquestionably gathering strength, but which is not sufficiently recognised by writers on public affairs:—

"The error of Sir Robert Peel lay in dreaming that he could construct a great Conservative party after all the Conservative machinery had been swept away, without anything to supply its place: that he could go on upon the old system when everything round him was new—all the old sanctions subverted, and all the old traditions so rudely shaken as to make it unsafe to lean upon them. Mr. Disraeli comprehended the position. He looked round for some other element of stability which should replace the shattered edifice of 1688. He found it, as he thought, in the royal prerogative. The Whigs had overthrown an oligarchy which the Tories ought never to have adopted; and were endeavouring once more, under the guise of a popular revolution, to impose their own yoke upon the nation. Now was the time for the Tory party, after humbling itself in sackcloth and ashes, to arise purified and strengthened to a sense of its true mission and its ancient functions, and restore in something of its pristine vigour the national monarchy of England.

"An interesting essay might be written upon the future of monarchical government within the scope of which it would fall to examine such views as the above. We must content ourselves with pointing out in this place, that during the last twenty years the progress of European opinion has not, upon the whole, been adverse to what is called imperialism. Pure democracy is generally allowed to be impossible. The 'classical republicans' are the mere shadow of a shade. Practically our choice seems limited to one of two things: either monarchy tempered by aristocratic institutions, and to a certain extent independent of popular opinion; or monarchy based upon the people, and emancipated from the check of an aristocracy. On the comparative merits of these two forms of government, we express no opinion. But we may be sure of this, that whatever we subtract from the one theory, is so much added to the other. As democracy spread, and aristocracy began to sink, the need of some single authority, some pivot on which all might turn, would be more and more felt every day. An age of centralization necessitates a powerful Executive. An age of equality magnifies the stature of the Crown. And considering present tendencies, there seems nothing very fanciful in the supposition that some Prince of parts and courage might, even within the present century, find himself in the exercise of prerogatives to which Englishmen have long been unaccustomed."

Throughout the whole of his book, Mr. Keibel is too apt to argue as if there were only two political parties—Whigs and Tories. He forgets that the progress of the last forty years has been in a great measure the work of the third and greatest of the parties—the unofficial or national party described by the term "Liberal." Mr. Keibel would have us believe that the triumph of the non-intervention principle is due to the Conservatives. The truth is that the principle was first affirmed by the Liberals, and then adopted by the Conservatives as a matter of convenience.

In treating of epochs anterior to our own, the more Liberal part of Mr. Keibel's mind comes well into view, and his outline of the state of the country in the early part of the present century is just and truthful:—

"The position of Great Britain in 1815, though externally glorious and triumphant, was, in regard to domestic affairs, replete with elements of discord. The Radical party, which the French Revolution had called into being in this country, had been silenced in presence of the common danger which threatened us in the empire of Napoleon. At all events, so overwhelming a majority of the nation had declared against it, that, if not silent, it was harmless. But with the return of peace, the revolutionary spirit again reared its head and lifted up its voice on high. It was perfectly natural that it should. With much that was exaggerated and ludicrous in the Radicalism of 1793, large elements of truth were intermingled. A great many abuses, a great many bad laws, a great deal of real misgovernment, the growth of a century of prosperity and apathy, called loudly for redress. None of these had been mitigated during the twenty years of war that followed. And we may safely say, that whatever reasons for reform held good before the murder of Louis, survived in still greater weight after the reduction of Napoleon.

"With equal, then, if not greater justification for popular discontent than had existed at the end of the last century, were there any circumstances in the condition of the country likely to make the people more patient, and possess more confidence in their rulers? At first sight it would appear that the height of power and splendour to which England had then risen, through a long and unbroken course of victories both by sea and land, was such a circumstance. And, doubtless, to some extent it was so. But against the good effects of the loyalty and enthusiasm so created, we have to set down several counteracting forces, which stamped out for a time even the memories of Wellington and Nelson.

"Between 1793 and 1816 lay all the difference that lies between a people which has, and a people which has not, eaten of the tree of the knowledge of political good and evil. That individuals, and even

nations, may rise eventually to a higher moral life through the discipline of sin and sorrow than they ever could have reached while remaining in a state of innocence, is a doctrine not unknown to moralists. But there is one particular virtue which must inevitably be sacrificed in the process, that simple reverence, namely, for constituted authorities, which relieves the business of government from half its difficulties. This sentiment, though not dead in the English people so early as 1816, had begun to sicken at the root. Europe could never be after the French Revolution what she had been before; nor could England. Neither could regain her innocence. Again, in 1793, the world had had no recent experience of what revolutionary Governments could do, and they were generally identified with communism, atheism, and national bankruptcy. In 1816 the world had grown wiser, and had learned that it was possible for countries to be well governed even after all their old traditions and institutions had been broken down. It was gradually coming to be believed by a considerable section of the middle classes that the internal condition of France, however she had suffered from the war, had been greatly improved by the revolution. In 1793 England had a king upon the throne who was recognised everywhere to be a man of courage and ability, and had won the love of his subjects by sympathy with the national prejudices and conformity to the national virtues. In 1816 the country was governed by a Regent, who, even if he possessed some of these good qualities, had enjoyed no opportunity of proving them, while his deficiency in others, and those, perhaps, the most important, was the talk of every parsonage in the kingdom. In 1793 there was little or no distress throughout the country, and the working classes were warmly attached to our institutions. But from the battle of Waterloo to about the death of George III. the sufferings of this class were very great. A sudden change from war to peace, however beneficial in the long run, can never fail to press heavily on particular classes in the community. All the trades which thrive on war—outfitters, contractors, armourers, and a host of others—were shorn at once of half their profits, and forced to dispense with half their workmen. The farmer and the grazier beheld ruin staring him in the face, and the peasantry suffered in proportion. Unhappily, this state of things was rather aggravated than diminished by the remedial measures which Government was persuaded to adopt. The corn-laws relieved the tenant-farmer, but aggravated the general distress; and to these reasonable causes of discontent was now added another which, though not reasonable, was decidedly not unnatural—the substitution of machinery for hand-labour."

Our readers will have sufficiently gathered the nature of Mr. Keibel's volume from the preceding remarks and extracts. It is a slight and sketchy work, but may serve to guide the uninstructed to better sources of information and more reliable authorities.

A BOOK ABOUT BOYS.*

ALTHOUGH the author of the capital boys' book before us seems almost inclined to apologize for having selected such a subject, we scarcely know a topic which, if properly dealt with, is more calculated to secure the attention of a large number of readers. We are all of us imbued, to a greater or less extent, with the spirit which distinguished Mr. Justice Shallow, and each of us has spent his mad days as did the Justice when he was of Clement's Inn. Even the mildest among us have recollections of pranks at school, and can find something in the sayings and doings of the little men who claim a share of our attention in "Tom Brown's School-days" and in this "Book about Boys," which is not without a counterpart in our own young days.

Mr. Hope writes of boys as only a man who has studied them lovingly can write. His profession has thrown him much among them, and the study of their different dispositions has been forced upon him. No man can more thoroughly appreciate what is admirable in boyhood, or hold in more bitter contempt what is despicable. He detests the young gentleman, but his heart goes with the boy. He has no appreciation for neat, gentlemanly boys; he abominates pretty and effeminate boys; and he evidently does not come quite up to the conventional standard of faith in those good, clever boys who are always at the head of their class, and never do anything naughty except when it is not found out. Most people will turn with the author from such boys as these to fraternize with that healthy, happy boy, who is not a young gentleman in the schoolboy acceptance of the phrase, but is a simple, generous, and pure-minded fellow—who can bear pain without crying, climbs trees, tears his trousers, gets an occasional bruise or two, and comes home muddied. If objectionable boys can only be induced to see themselves as Mr. Hope sees them, they will surely turn over ever so many new leaves, cast gentility to the winds, and aim at being natural.

"1. *Young Gentlemen*.—I shudder as I pen the disgusting name. You know what I mean? the beardless beings who wish to be thought men and dandies, and to that end smoke and swear and swagger, with more or less impunity. If you go out into the streets on a Saturday afternoon, you will see hundreds of them, whom you would like to

* A Book about Boys. By A. R. Hope, Author of "A Book about Dominies." Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.

take between your finger and thumb, and drop quietly into the gutter.

"2. *Mammas' Darlings*.—A large and increasing class, I grieve to say, though I would speak tenderly of them, believing that their degradation is often caused by circumstances over which neither they, nor the wisest of writers and teachers, have any control, viz., fond and foolish mothers, who will make them wear comforters and goloshes, and keep them in the house when it is cold, and encourage them to cry when they are hurt.

"3. *Clever Boys*.—I mean preternaturally clever boys, who read Sir Walter Scott at the tender age of five, but having thereafter been introduced to Greek, look with scorn and contempt on all subjects of lighter interest, and never condescend to open another story-book, but spend their boyhood and youth in steadily and perseveringly drying themselves up into Latin and Greek mummies, and, if haply they escape premature death, end by becoming sound and venerable and not too brilliant bishops, or stupid and useless schoolmasters, or writers of soul-appalling commentaries.

"4.—*Good Boys*.—I mean very good boys, who always try to please their masters, and never are noisy or idle, and would sink into the ground with shame if it were found necessary to punish them, and whose conversation, in story-books, is of the most moral and grammatical description. Of course there are such boys, because the story-books say so, but it has never been my good fortune to meet with them.

"These four classes, then, I am compelled entirely to exclude from the honours and privileges of boyhood. And yet my heart yearns towards them, for, after all, are they not in some respects boys and brothers?"

Mr. Hope describes the effect upon a boy—that is, a downright boy, a boy proper—of the training of those people who regard youths as the receptacles of so much Latin grammar, and neither know anything of nor sympathize with their thoughts, feelings, and habits; who cannot bring themselves to look upon boys as anything more than mere restless, noisy shreds of humanity, whom fear or fondling may some day turn into something worthy of consideration. Let a boy get into the hands of one of those good people—an old lady of strict habits offers the best example—and we can easily make a guess at his career. As he is to grow up an exemplar of boyhood and the delight of tea-parties, his infant footsteps are placed under the guidance of either a nurse or governess, who will conduct him in the paths of propriety, attend to his morals and manners, and cram him with all sorts of useful knowledge. In time he is sent to school, warned against associating with vulgar boys; and if, under the new influences to which he finds himself subjected, he rushes into the drawing-room without having wiped his boots, allows his mouth and trousers pockets to present a sticky appearance, tears his jacket, whistles in the lobby, comes home with a black eye, and laughs, fidgets, or does anything naughty, he is removed from contact with so much wickedness, sent to a schoolmaster of the Mr. Barlow type, and generally finishes by going to sea and leading a disreputable and unsatisfactory life.

Such enforced gentility is only to be equalled by amusements arranged according to rule. Boys really can enjoy themselves only when playing at purely boyish games in a boyish way, and with companions of their own age. We agree with Mr. Hope in his condemnation of any meddling by older people in their games; and although we are unwilling to underrate the importance of a scientific knowledge of cricket, it is impossible to deny that it is frequently found to be an excuse for expense, puppyism, and idleness. A "professional" game is a dull affair indeed, when compared with a holiday such as this.

"The rural juvenile has an ever-changing round of congenial pleasures, which leave nought to be desired in his lot. First, in winter there is the ice, the broad rivers, the muddy ponds, the wide fens converted by the magic of King Frost into a playground, over which we go skimming for miles as if on fairies' wings, spurning the base realities of solid earth, forgetful of all things but the keen air and the sparkling frost and the exhilarating motion. What in life could seem more Elysian to a boy? But the clouds gather, the snow falls thickly on the ground; old ladies lament, but the boy rejoices. Lavish nature has sent him a new pleasure—to dabble in the pure snow till he glows with heat, to build the snow man, higher, higher, and dance round him, oblivious of wet feet, scornful of goloshes. A snowball fight, a mad charge, swift retreat—what sport so full of mingled excitement and good humour! Perhaps we have talent enough to construct a sledge, and go spinning down the hillside at breathless speed, generally overturning at the end of our journey, which is half the fun. Perhaps we have hare-and-hounds over the snow, tracing the hare by his footsteps, and making the white woods ring with our shouts. At all events, we don't stay by the fire in this glorious weather, I promise you.

"By-and-by come spring and summer, and the boy tribe still is cared for by nature. We are off to the woods, we are the first to hail the primrose and the gentle violet, we climb the trees, bursting forth into bloom, in search of birds' nests. The year grows hot, and in cool rivers, under shady willows, or in deep black ponds, or perhaps on far-stretching yellow sands, we lave our white and pliant limbs, splashing, shouting, and singing as joyfully and fearlessly as if Adam were still in his garden, sinless and sorrowless. Then we mount the pony, and scamper through the leafy lanes, or we roll in the pleasant

hay, or we gather daisy-chains, and pelt each other with buttercups. By-and-by, when autumn has begun with a fair show of kindness to do its ruthless work, we sally forth,

'Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds,
Which for that service had been husbanded,
Motley accoutrement of power, to smile
At thorns and brakes and brambles.'

Basket in hand, we are off to gather nuts and blackberries. And we dance among the fallen leaves, merrily thoughtless of the sober lesson they would teach us; and we pile them and the fir-cones and the crackling twigs into bonfires, and rejoice in the blaze and the cloud of smoke, and glory in having burned our fingers and made light of the pain, and mayhap, if the cook be gracious, we roast potatoes in the embers, and imagine ourselves young Robinson Crusoes. Thus pleasure is added to pleasure, till a hard frost some night late in October reminds us that it is time to begin the round again. And at all times we have room to run and jump and tumble and howl to our hearts' content, without fear of breaking anything or frightening anybody, unless haply an aged donkey browsing in the next field. Is not the country boy's lot cast in pleasant places?"

With respect to the other amusements of boys, Mr. Hope expresses his opinions with the honesty and boldness which distinguish him. He has no fancy for fishing; but this may possibly arise in no slight measure from the fact, which he himself honestly confesses, that he knows little of it. He does not look with disfavour upon fighting, and he rather likes birds'-nesting and the collection of eggs; but he regards with a natural feeling of repugnance that modern nuisance, the collection of postage-stamps.

In describing the troubles of boys, the author is evidently possessed of strong feelings of sympathy for the unhappy little wretches who suffer at home from that parental discipline which indulges in drawing-room exhibitions, and looks with disfavour upon speech, kick, or motion proceeding from the unhappy youngster, and who abroad have to appear in trousers that have been produced by maternal fingers, or in the hateful chimney-pot dear to certain parental eyes. Next in the catalogue of miseries to the difficulties of the drawing-room and of costume, come those long-winded and unsuitable sermons which children must undergo, and the oppression of the bully and sneak, both of whom are never absent from any school. In the chapter upon "Peculiar Boys" we have some excellent studies from life, and we cannot resist the temptation of giving our readers the following description of two boys, one a clever and the other a stupid lad:—

"This Benson is rather a peculiar character. He is not by any means a distinguished scholar, but he is without doubt a clever boy. To this day, I don't believe he knows the accusative plural neuter of *duo*, which has long been a subject of contention between us; but set him among a group of his companions in play-time, and he will keep them in roars of laughter by his sallies. I am told that the way in which he imitates my walk and gestures behind my back is something well worth seeing. He is the author of half the nicknames in the school, and exceedingly clever some of them are. But his character is composed of two extremes. I have noticed that whenever he has been more mad and merry than usual, there comes a reaction, and for days he will be silent, morose, and unhappy-looking. At such times he shuns all companionship; but generally he is hand in glove with every boy in the class, the worst and the best. He can't fight or run or play football, but I notice that most of the boys seem to treat him with a certain amount of deference. I think they are afraid of his tongue.

"Benson's great butt is Foster, who is, without exception, the stupidest boy I knew. 'Socrates,' Benson calls him, and the irony is indeed bitter. A good-hearted, harmless creature enough, but absolutely on a level with a decent door-post as regards intelligence. Hopelessly he has sat at the bottom of my class for four years; hopelessly he will sit there for two years longer, by which time haply he may come to have a glimmering of the abstract truth, that an adjective ought to agree with its substantive. With lack-lustre eye he stares at his book, now and then looking up to me with his patient, cowl-like face, in which I can see some slight shade of agitation, betokening that the pulp which serves him as an intellect is vainly endeavouring to struggle through the mists of my explanation. Sometimes I jocularly repeat to him the ironical lines—

'And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.'

But Foster listens with such a trustful and unsuspecting smile, that my heart is quite touched, and I feel how cruel it is to chaff him.

"The legend goes that Foster never read a book through in his life, except the Catechism. But once, it is said, he made a desperate resolve to become acquainted with English literature, and to that end began to read the story of 'The Coral Island.' Of this he got through a chapter every evening, putting in a mark to show him where he had left off. But some naughty little boys who boarded in the same house, observing this expedient of his, took care to get hold of the book each day when he had finished, and to return the mark to the place where it had been before. Next time, Foster would innocently commence again without detecting the trick that had been played, and this went on till at length he gave up the book in despair, no doubt disgusted by the monotony of its style and incidents."

We had intended to touch upon the views which the author expresses upon education, and which are thoroughly well

deserving of the most careful consideration, but we found his society and that of his boys in the playground so attractive that it has left us time and space to do no more than take leave of him with those pleasant recollections which his book must leave upon the mind of any one who opens it.

PET DOGS.*

THE other day we saw in some newspaper a sentence in which Mr. Jesse was finely described as "a friend of the canine species." Although the writer of the little work now before us may not have so general a claim upon dogs, those that fetch and carry, and run in and out of my lady's chamber, would be sincerely indebted to him if they could only be conscious of his efforts in their behalf. He approaches his task in the best possible spirit, fully aware of its importance, and with sufficient knowledge to justify him in undertaking it. We have always thought that pets on the whole had a bad time of it. Caresses often become cruel kindnesses, and the system of rewards and punishments may be so ill regulated as to cause an utter perversion in the character of the favourite. Take for instance a case in point mentioned here. A lady had a beautiful dog, which she always carried on her arm, or stuck in a muff, and took up from the ground whenever he was there by whatever hold she could get. What was the consequence? That dog grew up with confirmed curvature of the spine, and but for his hair would have appeared to all the world with a hump. The dear little things also suffer from not being properly covered at night. You should have a cushion of wadding covered with chintz, or in winter a warmly-lined basket, or a close box, by which the draughts would be kept off. With reference to a pet's toilet, our author recommends the use of Naldire's tablet as a valuable adjunct. We do not think he dwells with sufficient emphasis upon the cruelties of the perpetual tubbing which some favourites undergo. They often fall for this operation into the hands of a servant who has got into trouble through them, and who takes it out of Mops or Billy with the soap and water. Magenta says that a bag of red pine shavings or sawdust used as a bed may keep off vermin, or a wash composed of beaten-up egg, to which spirit of turpentine is added. We think this mixture much too irritating to the skin of most dogs; ordinary drinking spirits will be found quite as effectual when added to the egg, instead of the turpentine, which has, besides, the effect of sickening most dogs, the odour of it being very unpleasant to them. Magenta does not approve of sending pets to live in a stable with the horses. He may come to regard the ostler instead of his owner as a master. Wherever dogs sleep for the first time they are fidgetty. "He will require at all events at first to be tied to some heavy piece of furniture to prevent his walking about all night. Delicate dogs should not only be put into baskets in cold weather, but it is often necessary to have bedclothes for them. You should also see that the creatures avail themselves of those comforts." Some little things accustomed to be loosely covered will take as much care to remain under their bedclothes as the most tender invalid; but such tact cannot always be expected. Our author had a dear dog who contracted a serious complaint somehow or other, and was ordered by a doctor to have hot-water bottles placed in his bed during cold weather. "A large box was consequently made, with several good-sized air-holes in the cover; and when cold the little fellow regularly went to bed with his hot bottles." On the whole, however, Magenta is of opinion that if a dog can get on without hot-water bottles, it is better not to accustom him to the luxury.

"Spare the rod and spoil the dog;" but the whipping should be done with discretion. Young dogs should be beaten very sparingly if at all, as it tends to cow their spirits:—

"The proper and only safe way to inflict punishment on a dog is to grasp him with the left hand by the loose skin of the neck close behind the head, holding him up nearly at arm's-length, and while thus suspended whip him with the right, scolding him at the same time, which has more effect than the corporeal punishment."

Whistling for a dog and then thrashing him for not coming quickly is condemned. You had better wait until you get a chance, "then seize and whip him, reiterating his name and whistling at every tap; or, better still, to get some other person, if possible, to chastise him while disobeying his master's call." There is an important section here on caprices. Dogs differ in taste, even as men. Some have a preference for ladies, others cannot bear the sight of a petticoat; some will exhibit an aris-

tocratic disgust for badly-dressed people and a radical tendency to bite them. We have known a dog who always snarled at a parson and another to whom the appearance of a little girl's white stockings was a source of maddening irritation. Those antipathies and preferences are, of course, in the nature of the animal, but when they become offensive to strangers, the animal ought to be simply kept out of the way. There can be nothing in worse taste than the keeping of a little brute in a room, who is growling and bristling all the time of a visit, because some one of the company wears a tie or a pair of trousers he dislikes; and yet ladies will constantly permit this breach of politeness, and attempt to assuage the unpleasant murmuring of her pet with affectionate and soothing words, which invariably fail to stop the nuisance. Our author, with propriety, says, "We have met some underbred, unlicked curs in the shape of pampered pets, who, through mismanagement and the want of judgment used in dealing with them, are perfectly unbearable—treacherously snappish—a quality which we would either whip out of any dog of ours or get rid of him altogether, rather than subject our friends to such ill-nature. These little brutes will go up to a visitor and assume friendliness, displaying various evidences of cordial welcome, and then, all of a sudden, will curiously turn on him." Such a brute should be got rid of at once. There is no excuse for keeping it in a house.

It is well to know how best to manage with a dog when travelling. We wonder why Magenta does not attack the rascally appliances on the railways for smothering animals. Those lockers are simple abominations, and on a long journey become to a dog like the Black Hole of Calcutta. It is better to run any risk with a valuable pet in the way of a fine or a reprimand from the authorities than to consign it to this dismal imprisonment. Why some more humane plan is not adopted, we cannot surmise. Sydney Smith used to say that railways would be safe when a bishop was killed on the line; perhaps spaniels and terriers may have a better chance when a director's dog has been stifled. Magenta says that, when compelled to stick a dog into the locker, it is essential to ascertain that the door at the other side is made fast; often, he tells us, it is not so, and the dog, seeking for any means of escape from its torture, leaps out, and is either lost or run over.

On the subject of diet, the great point is not to overfeed. "One meal in twenty-four hours is quite sufficient, and it is the practice now to limit the composition of that one meal to bread or rice and gravy for small house pets that get little or no exercise." The custom of giving pet dogs heavy meats is cruel, extravagant, and stupid. It renders the animal liable to various disorders, and in fact will keep it constantly out of health. "They thrive remarkably well on rice and gravy, light unsweetened puddings, vegetables (not used exclusively), and in some cases fish; but the last, besides the danger from the bones, disagrees with some members of the race. So does milk occasionally, though supposed to suit all dogs." Salt is not necessary for dogs, and given in large quantities is poisonous. The only instances where the rule against meat may be departed from is in the case of Italian greyhounds, who may be fed occasionally with fat pieces, which will tend to warm those shivering foreigners. We have always thought Italian greyhounds snappish, cold, and sickly creatures, not worth their feed at all; for those who may indulge in them, however, we give the advice of Magenta. It is a bad thing to allow dogs to beg while people are eating. Neither is it good to allow them the run of the kitchen. The cook may have an ignorant friendship for doggy, and throw him sly bits; and if, on the other hand, there is a bad feeling against him, he is teased, which may result in serious injuries to his temper. "There is also greater risk of losing an animal that is left to roam about the house at pleasure, as nobody misses him. Where a dog is valuable it is as well to make some one servant responsible for him, with the understanding that the loss of the dog is the loss of place." Touching the question of bones or no bones, Magenta is rather against bones than otherwise. "You see the pets are apt," he observes, "to choke themselves (which gives trouble), whilst upon us devolves the unpleasant duty of extracting the offending morsel by forcing a finger and thumb down the throat to draw it out; the dog, too, not being quite aware of your friendly intentions, may bite." Dogs should be well exercised. You must take out your pet for half an hour's walk regularly every morning in fine weather, to the great benefit of his or her constitution. Of all things prevent your dogs from forming indiscriminate acquaintances. Half the ills that dog flesh is heir to arise from not being sufficiently cautious in this respect. The terrible rabies is only communicated by contact. Mr. Youatt is quoted as stating that if a rigid quarantine were observed, the disease might be annihilated in this country, or might only reappear in conse-

* The Treatment of our Domesticated Dogs. By Magenta, Author of "The Handy Horse Book." Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

quence of the importation of an infected animal. It is hard to be too careful and observant of the preliminary signs of hydrophobia in a dog. In the first stages, the animal shows an extreme dulness and fitfulness. He mopes, and retires moodily into corners. It is no criterion that he drinks or does not drink water. Magenta rejoices that the practice of killing a dog because he has bitten a person for fear the person should go mad is now obsolete. It often happens that a dog is killed under the impression that he is rabid, which would have recovered if let alone, and thereby prevented the awful terrors of some who have had the misfortune to be bitten. Dogs, as every person knows, are very liable to fits. "Over-feeding, especially with meats, are active agents in predisposing to fits. The symptoms are not dissimilar to those which appear in the human subject. In cases where the heat of the sun is the cause of the attack, plenty of cold water dashed on the head will contribute to a quick restoration." The following is a receipt for worms:—

"Half a pound of mutton suet having been dissolved to a liquid over a slow fire, turn it into a basin, and add two tablespoonfuls of finely pulverized glass and one ounce of spirits of turpentine. Whilst getting cool great care must be taken to keep the mixture well stirred, so as to diffuse the glass evenly through it. It will become a paste, which is to be made into balls; the bulk of which, from the size of a walnut to that of an ordinary pill, must be according to the strength and stature of the patient. These balls, when perfectly hard, should be given fasting one each morning for a fortnight, or longer if necessary."

The various other complaints of pets are treated of seriatim in this little treatise, which will be found extremely useful to persons who keep the class of dogs mentioned in it. The section on "Accomplishments" is rather meagre; but, altogether, the author of "The Handy Horse Book" has produced a handy dog book which deserves to be popular. His remarks are distinguished more for sound sense than for any scientific knowledge—to which, indeed, he lays no claim; and a perusal of the volume will prevent many people from making mistakes in the education and bringing up of what Magenta terms domesticated dogs.

SOCIAL LIFE OF THE CHINESE.*

THIS is a very entertaining book, and deserves, as far as a book can deserve, the boast of the title-page that it is "A Daguerreotype of Daily Life in China." Mr. Doolittle was for fourteen years missionary at Fuhchau, and had therefore good opportunities of seeing something of the domestic life of the Chinese. That he did not neglect those opportunities his book is a proof. He describes the Chinaman from the cradle to the grave, and gives many amusing details of the religious ceremonies performed in his behalf long before he enters the cradle, or indeed before he "is thought of." Childless matrimony is rarely happy in the Celestial Empire, and various superstitious expedients are resorted to by wives who have not proved fruitful vines to propitiate the "Mother" goddess, one of which, by the way, is not unknown amongst women of the lower orders in London, as we saw some time ago in a baby-farming case. A girl belonging to some other family is adopted by the childless woman as her own. The rationale of this proceeding is curious, involving a doctrine of spiritual grafting. In the unseen world the woman is represented by a tree. If it bears red flowers, she will have girls; if white, boys; if both, boys and girls; if neither, neither. "But, as in the world, men graft one tree by a shoot of another tree, and thus have the desired fruit, the Chinese have devised the astute expedient of adopting a child into a childless family, hoping that thus there will in due time be flowers on the flowerless tree in the spirit land, representing the barren wife; and if so, she will be sure to have children, in consequence of this wonderful art of grafting." When the child is at last born, it does not appear that he is personally the subject of any ceremonial until the third day, when the midwife takes him and washes him before an image of the "Mother" goddess, who will preside over his destiny till he is sixteen years old, and whose good offices are propitiated by an oblation of plates of meats, fruits, &c., with wine, incense, candles, and fresh flowers, the edible portions of which are subsequently consumed by the members of the family. As soon as he has been washed, his wrists are bound together, and kept so for fourteen days, to keep him from being troublesome in after life, and from meddling with what does not belong to him—an ineffectual precaution, if the Chinese are as

great cheats as they are said to be. This binding of the wrists is also for the purpose of making the child obedient. On the same day two Chinese characters are written on a piece of red paper, which, having been carefully folded around a parcel inclosing certain articles, is hung up on a nail or peg on the outside of the door of its mother's room, with a view to ward off unfavourable influences. "This parcel contains two of a certain fruit full of seed used in the manufacture of a material employed somewhat like soap in washing, some pith of a rush used for wicking; two chopsticks, one or two onions, two pieces of charcoal, some cat's hair, and some dog's hair." But lest this charm should not be sufficient of itself to keep off the evil spirits, a pair of the father's trousers are put upon the frame of the bedstead, so that the waist shall hang downward, and be lower than the legs, and a piece of red paper is stuck upon the trousers with four words written upon it, intimating that all unfavourable influences are to go into the trousers, instead of afflicting the babe. It is not until children have reached their sixteenth year that they are considered of age, nor are they amenable to punishment till then if they have been guilty of crime. But they do not on that account escape it; they are imprisoned till the proper age is reached, and then they are punished. Children, however, are not released from the authority of their parents when they become of age; nor, indeed, are they ever freed from the obligation of filial obedience. "While his parents are alive, a son must continue to obey them. Such is the doctrine of the classics, the laws, and the customs of China. No matter how old, how educated, how wealthy—except he has become an officer of the Government, and while he is serving the Emperor—he must render prompt and implicit obedience to his father and mother. . . . The time never arrives when a man in a private station, while his parents are living, may engage in the pursuit he chooses, or may keep his earnings for himself, or may spend them as he pleases, without their free consent and approval. His wages are given to them, and they can oblige him to do anything or take any course they please, without asking his consent or caring for his preferences." This law is of course subject to modification in practice, but parental authority is rigidly upheld by the State, and the crime of parricide is visited with even blind retribution. The murderer is not only beheaded, his body cut into pieces, his house razed to the ground and the earth on which it stood dug up for several feet deep; but his neighbours to the right and left are punished, his principal teacher is put to death, the district magistrate is deprived of office and disgraced, the prefect, the governor of the province, and the viceroy, degraded three degrees in rank.

The mass of superstitious usages of which every chapter of this volume gives instances, entering into the daily life of the people as if nothing could be done without some cabalistic proceeding, is so great, that one wonders how the Chinese find time for their performances. But we are not always entitled to smile at the credulity they display; intelligent persons amongst ourselves being, in some respects, not a whit wiser. The Chinese have their mediums as we English have, who are consulted to ascertain the news from a deceased relative or friend, or the kind of medicine a certain sick person should use in order to recover from illness, &c. Of female mediums there are two classes:—

"One class profess to obtain and transmit the news required by means of a very diminutive image, made of the wood of the willow-tree. The image is first exposed to the dew for forty-nine nights, when, after the performance of a superstitious ceremony relating to it, it is believed to have the power of speaking. The image is laid upon the stomach of the woman to whom it belongs. She, by means of it, pretends to be the medium of communication between the living and the dead. She sometimes professes to send the image into the world of spirits to find the person about whom intelligence is sought. It then changes into an elf or sprite, and departs on its errand. The spirit of the person enters the image, and gives the information sought after by the surviving relative. The woman is supposed not to utter a word, the message seeming to proceed from the image. The questions are addressed to the medium; the replies appear to come from her stomach. This is called 'finding or seeking for the thread.' There is probably a kind of ventriloquism employed. The fact that the voice proceeds professedly from the stomach of the medium doubtless helps to delude. The medium makes use of no incense or candles in the performance of this method.

"Another class of women who pretend to be able to obtain information from or about the dead proceed in a very different manner. The medium sits by a table. Having inquired in regard to the name and surname of the deceased, and the precise time of death, she bows her head and rests it upon the table, her face being concealed from view. On the table are three sticks of lighted incense placed upright, sometimes in a censer, as usual; sometimes they are put in a horizontal position upon a vessel containing a small quantity of boiled rice. Two lighted candles are also placed upon the table. The woman who seeks information draws near in profound silence. After a short time the medium raises her head from the table with her eyes closed, and begins to address the applicant. She is now supposed to be possessed

* Social Life of the Chinese. By the Rev. Justus Doolittle. Edited and Revised by the Rev. Paxton Hood. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

by the spirit of the dead individual in regard to whom information is desired; in other words, the dead has come into her body, using her organs of speech to communicate with the living. A conversation ensues between the living and the dead, mutually giving and receiving information. At the close of the interview the medium places her head down on the table, and after a few minutes she oftentimes begins to retch or vomit. After drinking some tea she soon becomes herself again, the spirit of the dead having retired."

With all this superstition, the Chinese are not a religious people, and the account Mr. Doolittle gives of the success of the Protestant missions at Fuhchau is not hopeful. The first was established by a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in January, 1847; and in April, 1856, occurred the first baptism of a Chinaman in Fuhchau, in connection with Protestant missions:—

"In May, 1857, a brick church, called the 'Church of the Saviour,' built on the main street in the southern suburbs, and about one mile from the Big Bridge, was dedicated to the worship of God. Its first native church, consisting of four members, was organized in October of the same year. In May, 1863, a church of seven members was formed at Chang-loh, distant seventeen miles from the city. In June of the same year a church of nine members was organized in the city of Fuhchau, having been dismissed from the church in the suburbs to form the church in the city. For the first ten years of this Mission's existence only one was baptized. During the next five years, twenty-two members were received into the first church formed. During the next two years twenty-three persons were baptized. Between 1853 and 1858 a small boarding-school, i.e., a school where the pupils were boarded, clothed, and educated at the expense of the Mission, was sustained in this Mission. Among the pupils were four or five young men, who are now employed as native helpers, and three girls, all of whom became church members, and two of whom are wives of two of the native helpers. There are at present a training-school for native helpers, a small boarding-school for boys, and a small boarding-school for girls connected with the Mission. It employs six or seven native helpers, and three or four country stations are occupied by it. Part of the members of this Mission live at Ponasang, not far from the Church of the Saviour, and part live in the city, on a hill not far from the White Pagoda, in houses built and owned by the American Board."

Other Missions have been promoted by the Methodist Episcopal Church, the English Church Missionary Society, and the Swedish Missionary Society; but perhaps, owing to their recent establishment, they have not yet made signal progress. On the other hand, "the number of native converts to Romanism living in the city and suburbs is not known, but it has been vaguely estimated at several thousands." But there have been native Romanists in Fuhchau for almost two hundred years. "Sometimes they have been severely persecuted by the Government, and some have remained faithful to their professions through all their trials, and have brought up their children in the Romish faith." Wherever we open Mr. Doolittle's book, we light on some entertaining matter, and the text is aided by a host of engravings more than usually well executed.

ANOTHER BUNDLE OF POETS.*

VERY gratefully do we record the fact that in painfully toiling through the volumes noted underneath, we stumbled upon one tiny book containing what seems to us genuine poetic promise. Whoever has much acquaintance with the ordinary verse-writing which almost every week sends forth, will appreciate this discovery, if discovery it be; for the chances are at least twenty to one that each succeeding book of "poems" turns out to be a collection of colourless twaddle. The Cambridge Graduate whose volume heads our list, has all the roughness, and often the commonplace, of a beginner; but here and there we come across a poem, or rather a suggestion for a poem, which has the true poetic intensity in it. For the most part his subjects are morose, and sometimes offensive; occasionally they smack of Browning; but they never fail to suggest a certain individualism which one rarely finds in a volume of verse. A man, for instance, stands over the corpse of his wife, whom he has just killed, and says—

"Hear me! With God and you I stand;
I ask for no forgiveness; where
I saw the taint, I laid my hand,
And smote; and never more shall I
See a brow fairer or more fair,
Or kill a thing more suddenly.

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* Poems. By a Cambridge Graduate. London: John Russell Smith.
Early and Other Poems. By E. M. C. R. London: O. Whiting.
Ainsworth's Heir, and other Poems. By Fanny Fisher. London: A. W. Bennett.
Lichens from the Old Rock. By Jessie M. Saxby. London: W. P. Nimmo.
Facts and Fancies from the Farm. By James Dawson, jun. London: John Camden Hotten.
Poems. By P. F. Roe. London: Same Publisher.
Youthful Impulse and Mature Reflection. London: Thomas Medhurst.
The Idolatress, and Other Poems. By James Wills, D.D. London: John Camden Hotten.

"And there she lies, and has not moved;
And there will lie, till men come in
And take the body that I loved,
And me to join her: in a breath
Let them come quickly. I begin
To hunger for the coming death.

"It was her weakness made her lie.
Now she is strong. I soon shall see
The lustrous eyes, pure as clear sky,
The noble face in all its strength,
And all its truth restored to me.
I have won Paradise at length."

The phraseology of the last verse is weak; but the conception of the poem is strong and vivid. There is also another remarkable little piece, beginning—

"You knew, you say, my old love well.
First, then, of her two faultless eyes;
When you began your love to tell,
Did they, as each sigh from you fell,
Meet you in eager, glad surprise?
You knew, you say, my old love well:
You knew a heaven that hid a hell."

And ending thus:—

"My old love well you say you knew.
You think you did? Pray did she next,
Her heart on your heart, swear to you
She would be good, and kind, and true,
And blushing quote Ruth's lovely text?
My old love well you say you knew:
You knew a devil of angel hue.

"You knew, you say, my old love well.
One day she cast you off, I see;
And all your airy structure fell.
Could she to you one reason tell
For leaving you in misery?
You knew, you say, my old love well:
Did not your heaven end in hell?"

Altogether there is an originality and vigour about this little volume which lead us to expect some good work from the writer, whoever he may be.

We owe the reception of "E. M. C. R.'s" poems to the suspension of the Agra Bank. That catastrophe having reduced a certain lady to penury, "E. M. C. R." conceived the charitable design of publishing a book, and helping this lady with the proceeds. We sincerely hope that the latter does not expect very much; and that she will accept "E. M. C. R.'s" kindly wish for the deed. The book, indeed, is a collection of trivial commonplace, often descending to the merest nonsense. Here we have an acrostic; now a religious hymn; and, again, an album contribution. We do not choose to quote any specimen from these rather dull pages; some of our readers may have already suffered sufficiently by the suspension of the Agra Bank.

Mrs. Fisher's "Ainsworth's Heir" is typical of three-fourths of modern volumes of verse. There is nothing very offensive about it; nothing vulgar, affected, or ludicrous; but, on the other hand, there is no possible gift or grace which we can discover. The blank verse runs on smoothly enough; and there is apparently no reason why it should not run on for ever. It begins in nothing, and reaches no climax. There is undoubtedly a story in "Ainsworth's Heir," which is, in fact, a sort of novelette turned into blank verse; but there is not a grain of any poetic quality in the whole book. When Mrs. Fisher breaks away from this aimless, meandering measuring-out of prose into lyric efforts, we are at least treated to shorter lines. But a lady who writes such lines as these—

"Dewy morning breaks in gladness
O'er fair meads in verdant sheen,
And the rising sun is gently
Gazing back night's bashful queen"—

should not be told, as we see she has been told, that she is a true poetess. It is a cruel kindness on the part of a reviewer to make such a statement as a mere compliment; for there can be no more distressing position for a verse-writer to occupy than to believe that he or she is a true poet, and yet find himself or herself suffering the extremest neglect at the hands of the public. Mrs. Fisher sometimes writes smooth and pleasant verses; but they are as far from being poetry as any stringing of words which it is possible to conceive.

Mrs. Saxby sends her contribution to the verse-writing of the day all the way from Shetland; and she seems to have been moved to the composition of the volume by a consciousness of the poetic halo which tradition has shed over the northern island. It is a pity she did not strive to give to these efforts a greater amount of "local colouring." Here and there we get a clever bit of description, or the reminiscences of an

old legend; but ordinarily Mrs. Saxby wanders into that field of commonplace subjects which is the pet garden of verse-writers. However, Mrs. Saxby's pages are always readable; and that is a great virtue, to the presence of which we cheerfully testify.

The most extraordinary characteristic of verse-writers is that they never by any chance write about that which one would naturally expect them to know most. If the verse-writer is a collier, he prates feebly about his intimations of immortality; and if he is a coastguardsman, he is sure to turn his eyes away from the sea, and write about "The Secrets of the Mine," "Spring," or "Poetic Imaginings." The author of "Facts and Fancies" is a farm-labourer, and his volume commences thus:—

"My life was fleeting all in vain;
I heeded not the hasting sands,
Nor even stretched feeble hands
To catch at aught of passing gain.

"In truth, I deemed there was not aught
Of thorough gain in anything,
And judged what future years would bring,
By what the barren past had brought."

Certainly Mr. Dawson does not always give utterance to such vague Tennysonian echoes as these; but nowhere do we find him turning upon the scenes and objects around him the look of an independent observer. He apparently aims at extreme polish, and undoubtedly arrives at a sufficiently graceful and easy diction. Greater vigour in matter would, however, more than compensate for a less careful manner; and, if Mr. Dawson resolves to continue his efforts in this way, we would counsel him to throw aside every model, look out for himself, and tell what he sees as forcibly and vividly as he can. The world is too full of echoes at present.

Amongst a number of shallow and silly aphorisms annexed to his book, Mr. Roe says, "A writer, before he publishes, should ask himself if, upon seeing his own work in a bookseller's window, he would go in and deliberately buy it." Why did not Mr. Roe follow his own advice? We certainly do not think any more of his judgment than of his modesty, but we are certain he could never have been guilty of a desire to purchase such a book as he has just published. In another profound aphorism, however, he says, "There is nothing that is not explainable away;" and so we presume the previous pungent saying will disappear. The "poems," then, in this volume seem to us to rank lower than any we have yet encountered, because to their commonplace is added a considerable amount of dull facetiousness and self-conceit. Here is a specimen of what Mr. Roe is pleased to call his "Rhythmical Etchings of Character":—

"But there are questions must have answers:
And men will prate of Opera dancers;
And oft such solemn disquisitions
Place one in delicate positions.
Thus, when asked if 'twards perty Patti
She felt a sym-, or anti-, pathie;
Or, as to which divine "danseuse"
Most eloquently wore out shoes?
'The Post,' perused with daily eyes,
In her articulate replies,—
To make opinions is a trade,
And hers she purchased ready-made.
Her thoughts of others' th' iteration,—
Her very self a quick quotation,—
Well knew she to attune her own
To wide Opinion's varying tone,
Conventional Chameleon;
In principle, deed, gesture, dress,
Existence an incarnate 'Yes!'"

Mr. Roe is severe upon Tennyson, and has written a scathing parody (which ought to affect the reader's opinion of Mr. Roe rather than of Mr. Tennyson) of the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." Indeed, it is some considerable time since we met a writer of greater pretensions and poorer performance than the writer of these far from lively verses.

Dr. Ribbans ought, on mature reflection, to have forborne the publishing of these poems, which are apparently the fruit of youthful impulse. They are merely cleverly-turned verses of no special character. In no sense impertinent or offensive like the preceding volume, Dr. Ribbans' little book is only colourless and rather dull.

We entreat Dr. Wills to pause and reflect. He threatens to publish, as we learn from an advertisement at the end of the present volume, "Domitian, a Roman Tragic Drama;" "The Cavern, an English Historic Tragedy;" "London, a Poem in Six Books;" "The Universe, a Republication, with its true history." Now this is too much. The British public is long-suffering; but it must draw the line somewhere. There is no doubt at all that Dr. Wills possesses some dramatic power, and

there are several scenes in "The Idolatress" worked up with considerable vigour; but the general absence of any poetic light or colour is so marked as to render the appearance of two or three more similar tragedies a tragedy in itself.

CIVILIZATION IN THE FIFTH CENTURY.*

It may be said to be the misfortune of the great body of Christians that they are better "up" in the discussion of doctrinal differences than in a knowledge of the history of Christianity as reflected in the progress of civilization. They presume in a general way, and take it for granted, that the world has been the better for the Christian faith, and that the highest development of humanity is to be found in that man whose life most nearly conforms to the Christian model. This is no doubt true, and it is a sufficient argument as between one Christian and another. But at all times, and especially at the present, something more is requisite than that believers in Christianity shall agree amongst themselves upon the evidences of the divine origin of their creed. There is such a thing as having to give a reason for the faith that is in us; not merely by explaining why this man is an Episcopalian, or that a Dissenter, but on what ground the Christian belief is to be defended at all. Unfortunately, it has been too much the case that controversialists have been less anxious to acquit themselves of this part of their duty than to haggle over small differences. There has been more waste of time, intellect, and energy over the question whether sermons shall be preached in a surplice or a gown, than would have sufficed to produce many valuable essays illustrating the early struggles of Christianity, and the renovating influence it exercised over the world. How very small is the percentage of men who have received what is called a good education, who have any acquaintance with the literature of Christianity at that period? We are by no means disposed to underrate the importance of preserving vigilantly both the matter and the form of religious worship—the doctrine and the ceremonial. But an exclusive attention to these points involves the misfortune that the combatant is armed and trained only for half the work that may devolve upon him. Yet this is a time when points of difference, important in themselves, but of minor moment when compared to a contest in which the issue lies between Christianity and Infidelity, might profitably be laid aside in order to show a bold front to the common enemy. The means are not wanting. We should not expect to find the two volumes before us read as widely as they deserve to be. In the first place they require in the reader an amount of historical knowledge which is not generally possessed. In the next, there are thousands of well-meaning persons to whom the stand-point from which the author views his subject will be sufficient to make them close his book at once. This is a prejudice which cannot be sufficiently regretted. Testimony in favour of the truth of Christianity should not be rejected, no matter from what quarter it may come. It is, in fact, a matter of obligation that all Christian writers who are preparing themselves to champion the Christian faith, on a wider or narrower arena, should acquaint themselves with the results of our author's labours. But while we say this, let it not be supposed that we imagine Christianity to be exhibiting signs of decay. In one form or other, probably in too many forms, it is active amongst ourselves to a degree which was not known a generation ago. In France, in spite of the demoralization of a Bonapartist régime—the most pretentious, plausible, and hypocritical of despotisms—the Catholic worship grows steadily. In Germany, the cold formalism into which Protestantism had declined, has for some time been giving place to a more earnest spirit, and the tokens have not been few that in that land of philosophers a soul of life has been at work under the ribs of death. It is true that, in England, Rationalism, whatever that may mean, has been particularly active of late years; but it will probably be found that its objections to Christianity have been based partly upon a corrupt notion of what Christianity is. Upon this point we have felt the effects of that difficult position in which we have been placed by the decisions of the spiritual tribunals, and of the lay tribunal which confirms or reverses those decisions, without further appeal. This difficulty has been not a little aggravated by the tendency of the human mind to arrogate what we might perhaps be allowed to call Protestant Popery, by virtue of which men who have the requisite amount of egotism constitute themselves infallible. That was one of the reasons why Dr. Colenso's arithmetic

* History of Civilization in the Fifth Century. By A. Frédéric Ozanam. Translated by A. C. Glyn, B.A. Two vols. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

created so much alarm a few years ago; and in a greater or less degree it has contributed to some of the most notable grounds on which men have relinquished a feeble hold upon the skirt of Christianity, and have resigned themselves to the dreary influence of Rationalism.

A larger view of Christianity than we are accustomed to take would do much to rectify this unhappy state of things. It would never reduce the Christian religion to the absurd position of pleasing everybody. Of all conceivable absurdities, there can be none so outrageous as the idea that, if we are to exist after death, the state of the good and the bad will be equally comfortable. Justice and common sense are alike in favour of the reward of the one and the punishment of the other. If it were otherwise, there would be no motive for virtue, and the better would only be a reflection of the worse, with virtue too often suffering and vice too often triumphant. It is not, therefore, because there are things in Christianity which we would rather not believe, that we are to put it aside as untrue. Let us rather, if our faith is wavering, see what it has done for the world. Let us follow its history and observe its results, from the earliest moment at which we can trace them. It is the merit of the volumes before us that they help us to do so. "It is with the Gospel," says the author, "that the doctrine of progress appeared, not only teaching but enforcing human perfectibility; the saying, *Estote perfecti*, condemns humanity to an endless advance, for its end is in eternity. And what was of precept to the individual became the law of society. St. Paul, comparing the Church to a mighty body, desires it to increase to a perfect maturity, and realize in its plenitude the humanity of Christ; and a Father of the Church, St. Vincent of Lerius, confirms this reading of the Sacred Text by inquiring, when he had established the immutability of Catholic dogma, 'Will, then, there be no progress in the Church of Christ?' Surely there will, and in plenty; for who could be so jealous of the good of mankind, so accursed of God, as to stay that progress? But it must be advance, and not change; of necessity, with the ages and centuries, there must be an increase of intelligence, of wisdom, of knowledge, for each as for all." That increase grew with the spread of the Gospel.

"It was the task of Christianity to revive in souls, and infuse into institutions, two sentiments, without which neither charity nor justice can exist—respect for liberty and for human life. Not at one blow, but little by little, the Gospel reconquered freedom for man. It destroyed the very standing-ground of slavery by giving the slave the conscience which made him no longer a thing but a person, and endowed him with duties and rights; while following centuries worked out its ruin by the favour shown to enfranchisement, and the transformation of personal servitude into villenage, till a constitution of Pope Alexander III. declared slavery no longer existent in the Christian society. Lapse of time, as well as genius and courage, were also wanted to re-establish respect for life. Christianity might have thought its labour half achieved when the laws of its emperors punished the murder of new-born infants, and suppressed gladiatorial shows; but then the barbarians bore down from their priests their twin craving for gold and carnage—people armed itself against people, city against city, castle against castle, and the distracted Church was forced to throw herself between the combatants, protesting her hatred of blood—*ecclesia abhorret a sanguine*—while the barbarous instinct still burst forth amid the crusades, and ran riot at the Sicilian Vespers. Such were the forces she had to contend with to prevent slaughter; and it was her work also to preserve life, to cherish the exposed infant, the useless and infirm burdens rejected by faithless society, not held in honour by Christianity. It seemed still harder to keep alive progress in art; for what could be achieved after the ancients, or how could simplicity and grandeur be pushed beyond the limits they had reached? Yet such beauty, if imitable, is also inspiring, and leaves in the soul a desire, a passion of reproduction. Although the human mind could never surpass the works of antiquity, it could add monument to monument, and increase the adornment of its earthly abiding place. Beneath the Rome of the Cæsars, of marble and gold—become, as Virgil says, the most beautiful of objects—was dug the subterranean city of the Christians; and the chapels, hollowed out in these vaults by obscure and tardy progress, were one day to pierce the earth, soar higher than the temples and theatres of paganism, and, in St. Peter's and St. Mary Major, give to the ruins of Forum and Coliseum a living beauty. And yet if the ancient art possessed a special power of rendering the finite and visible with purity of form, calm of attitude, and truth of movement, it had not the gift of reproducing what was infinite and invisible. Who but admires the bas-reliefs with which Phidias adorned the frieze of the Parthenon—the simplicity of gesture, their vigour and grace of form? and yet, in the quarrels of the Lapithæ and Centaurs, we wonder at the calm on the features of the combatants, slaying without passion, or dying without despair, as if art was straining to express some heroic ideal inaccessible to human feeling. . . . The same Christian presentiment which revealed to Socrates the nothingness of the false gods, and the perversity of the heathen morality, laid bare the want in Greek art. Christianity gave to the meanest of its faithful the sense of things which could not be seen nor measured; and the labourer of the catacombs, adorning, in

the lantern's flicker, and under the dread of persecution, the tombs of the martyrs, represented Christ, the Virgin, the Apostles, or Christians at prayer, with rude execution and faulty proportion, but with the light of Heaven in their eyes. A consciousness of eternity animated these paintings; it passed into the frescoes which in the barbarous epoch adorned the churches of Rome and Ravenna, so that the whole progress of Italian painting from the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries was absorbed in kindling Christian beauty of expression beneath the surface loveliness of the ancient forms."

What Christianity did for art, it did for man. It is under its inspiration that society has progressed, and whatever is humanizing in the philosophy of modern times, is the result of its teaching. Those who would be glad to consider its claim to be regarded as a divine institution upon this ground, would do well to read M. Ozanam's book. It examines the history of a period pregnant with the social results which we see around us, and which witnessed the growth of a new world out of the decay of the old. There can be no more interesting subject, nor could we easily find a writer more capable of doing it justice.

A STUDY OF TENNYSON.*

BEYOND doubt, Alfred Tennyson has been accepted as the representative poet of this generation. It is not simply a question of genius. Even if there are greater poets among the living or the recently dead (which is disputable), there is not one who so completely reflects, so beautifully illustrates, or so musically expresses, the thoughts, the aspirations, and the tendencies of the present age. We do not allude to the few political poems which the Laureate has occasionally given us. Of those, for the most part, the least said the better. Mr. Tennyson is not, in any practical sense, a politician, nor is it the business of poetry to announce exact political ideas. Generally, when the author of "In Memoriam" ventures to do so, he utters either truisms or falsities; sometimes lamentable perversions. But this is little to the purpose. The fact remains that the higher and deeper instincts of the time—those which concern eternal and not fleeting interests—find a noble exponent in the poetry of Tennyson. He, more than any other writer—more than philosopher, theologian, historian, or critic (for such moods are only to be translated by the poet's art)—has given an intelligible voice to that sentiment of humanity, that perception of the dignity of man as man, and that vague, pathetic struggle for faith through scepticism, and for peace through knowledge, which are the three great latent facts in the mental condition of the last thirty or forty years. No one has asserted the grand idea of an infinite progression towards goodness and truth, not only in the individual soul, but in the race collectively, in such lordly and convincing language as he. This idea is constantly appearing in his poems, and it is eminently an idea of our own epoch. But in the poetry of Tennyson, as in the minds of reflective men generally, there is strangely combined with this hopeful thought a feeling of sadness, of weariness, almost of distrust, certainly of doubt as to whether in some important respects the progress of the age is in the right direction; as if the soul, even in the very ecstasy of contemplating the future, felt the burden of the present—"the weight of the superincumbent hour." Thus, scepticism and faith exist in Tennyson, but faith predominates; sadness and joy, but more of joy (in the angelic or rapturous sense); apprehension and hope, but in the last resort hope, as the truer and more poetic instinct. In all these things he expresses, in a very subtle way, the prevailing mood of the middle of the nineteenth century; and people feel this (more or less clearly in proportion to their critical or analytical powers), and like Tennyson, not merely for the beauty of his verse, but because he renders more clear and luminous the haunting wants and dim suspicions of their souls. He represents the time, too, in other respects. He has a touch of pre-Raphaelitism in his attention to minute details, and a touch of science in the wealth of his technical illustrations. He has enough of feudalism in his composition to satisfy whatever may remain (and doubtless something *does* remain) of the Young England sentiment of five-and-twenty years ago; yet, on the whole, his tone is modern, and he permeates the Arthurian legends themselves with the sentiments of to-day. The Arthur of his vision is "attired like a modern gentleman," and he comes back to earth bringing peace, not war—the chivalry of the future, not of the past. These, and thoughts such as these, are the titles of Alfred Tennyson to be accepted as the poet of the age; and the English-speaking race on both

* A Study of the Works of Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. By Edward Campbell Taine. London: Chapman & Hall.

sides of the Atlantic have so accepted him, and will not falter in their allegiance, even though he should continue to try them, as he has tried them of late, with Magazine verses which ought never to have seen the light. He will help to interpret this century to the next; and that, when it comes, will be the clearer to its successor if it find an exponent of such subtle insight, and of such authoritative voice, as him whom we now cherish as our first of singers.

If Mr. Tennyson did not occupy the position to which we have been alluding, the volume which Mr. Tainsh has given us would hardly be justifiable. However great a man's genius may be, he does not attain in his lifetime the right to be elaborately and philosophically examined, unless he stands in some special relation to his age or country. Mr. Tennyson, as we have shown, is a poet of peculiar powers, which have created a kind of magnetic sympathy between him and the modern mind; and for this reason it is no intrusion on the judgment of posterity to endeavour to assign, while he yet lives, the exact position he is to occupy in the future as a representative English poet. Mr. Tainsh has performed his task satisfactorily. He is an enthusiastic admirer of his author, but he is prepared to give reasons for the faith that is in him. With those reasons we are in the main disposed to agree. He has formed, we think, a very truthful estimate of the nature of poetry generally, of the functions of the poet, and of the lines of demarcation which separate the work of the singer from that of the philosopher, the moralist, the theologian, and the man of science. Beauty he regards as the most essential, or at least the most indispensable, element in poetry, and indeed in art of every kind. Truth is necessary also; but "truth without beauty cannot make art." To the highest poetry a body and a soul are equally essential; that is to say, there must be a body of beauty and a soul of truth. "The truth must be moral truth, or, at lowest, emotional, which is akin to moral. With intellectual truth, pure and simple, poetry has nothing to do. Intellectual truth of a high order will oftentimes be found in a great poem, but it will always be in organic connection with some moral or emotional truth." This is most true, and it was mainly because they forgot the distinction here so well pointed out that the poets of the time of Dryden and Pope were generally unpoetical. They thought that if they adopted a poetical form they were necessarily poetical, and so they constantly forgot the principle of beauty in a vain search after intellectual exactness and rigorous sense. It is impossible to recognise Pope's "Essay on Man" as poetry. We may say that it is acute, that it is profound, that it is subtle, that it is witty, that it is eloquent—anything except that it is poetical. Of course there may be a stray illustration here and there that kindles with the poetic fire; but, speaking in the general, it is not a poem, except in the form, and that only in the most mechanical sense. Davenant, in his "Gondibert," set an example of this kind of verse-writing; and his friend, Hobbes of Malmesbury, whose translation of Homer is an amazing instance of the power of a prosaic mind to turn poetry into reporting, encouraged him in it. Nothing agrees so little with poetry as actual argument, in the sense of debating, or of logical statement of principles. Even a subject naturally poetical can hardly escape deterioration under this mode of treatment. Sir John Davies, a lawyer and judge in the time of Elizabeth and James I., who wrote a charming poem on dancing, chose for the subject of another of his poems the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, which he undertook to prove, after the manner of the schools, by an elaborate course of induction and reasoning, with answers to objections, &c. The subject is unquestionably in the highest degree poetical; yet the argumentative form destroys the poetry, notwithstanding some isolated passages of beauty and grace. So, when Milton, in "Paradise Lost," made "God the Father turn a school divine," according to the daring yet truly reverential felicity of Pope, he lost his wings for the moment, and became unendurably prosaic. Mr. Tennyson has occasionally entered on the field of moral discussion, as in "The Two Voices" and "The Vision of Sin"; but the appeal is to the emotional rather than to the intellectual side of reasoning, and the poetry is thus saved from losing its main characteristics. These poems, moreover, are exceptions. Generally, the Laureate avoids the circuitous ways of reaching truth, and speaks at once to the moral sense and to the sense of beauty.

Following out the general thread of his argument with respect to the nature and ends of poetry, Mr. Tainsh continues:—

"A moral truth may be set forth under an abstract or a concrete form. The poet has not much to do with the abstract; the concrete is his sphere. The concrete form of moral truth is character; the

poet's chief concern is with character. But there are philosophical poets, and these deal with abstract truths. In their hands symbol and metaphor form a garment, if not a body, for the abstract, and enable it, in some sort, to become concrete. The very essence of the poet's relation to truth lies in his tendency to give it concrete forms. In this respect the philosopher absolute and the poet absolute, though both, by their very nature, truth-seekers, are antipodal; the terms *poet*, *philosophical poet*, *poetical philosopher*, and *philosopher*, might be used to express the gradations of the tendency which differentiates them.

"As the poet is not a philosopher, so also he is not a moralist. Didactic poetry is almost a contradiction in terms. The poet's appeal is rather to the moral sentiments than to the conscience direct. Rather by the exhibition, than by the prescription, of goodness, he aims to influence the character. He desires not that you should listen to a sermon, but that, through sympathy with them, you should catch the tone of his noble characters, or that, through healthy moral indignation, there should be awakened in you a keener repugnance to the faults of his baser characters. So, though no moralist, his ultimate aim is wholly moral, and though he never bids you what to do, the direct tendency of his work is always the ennobling of your practical life.

"The moral soul of a poem must live within a body of beauty. Without beauty there is no art. Over both the choice of subjects and their execution, this canon is inflexible. No other consideration in the choice of a subject, and no other merit in its execution, can atone for the neglect of beauty. Mere accuracy of portraiture is draughtsmanship, not art. The artist is he who, above all men, has an eye for the beautiful, who loves the beautiful, and who can embody the beautiful in some art form. To this body of beauty the penetrating power of the poet's teaching is due. A poem is more potent than a sermon or an essay setting forth the same truth, because, while, in the latter the truth still retains, so to say, its solid form, and needs to undergo all the processes of mastication and digestion before it can be taken up into the system, in the former it is dissolved in the nectar of beauty, and woe the lips, and permeates the blood with a thrill of pleasure that is only known to be more than pleasure from the fact that the frame grows strong and puts out its force into worthy action under its influence. But if the beauty be wanting, the poetic form is but a shell put around the truth, and when the shell is broken there is still the mastication and digestion of a solid truth to be accomplished.

"There is room for poetry that shall contain no soul of moral truth—which shall be but a body of beauty, but which yet shall not lie outside the region of the educational. All beauty, pure and simple, tends to refinement, and all refinement, pure and simple, to goodness; and so the poet, or, in general, the artist, who but sets forth forms of beauty, may yet be aiding the growth of the good. Even so much as this is not needed to justify his work; if he give but pure pleasure, his work is far from vain. But it must be rigidly demanded of the poet who aims to create a body of beauty alone, and who holds back from the attempt to breathe into the body a soul of goodness, that he put no other soul therein. All art must be at least negative in relation to the moral. He who sends out a coarse or a mean thought into the world at all, does ill service to his kind; but the poet who does this plays the part of the devil."

Dividing Mr. Tennyson's poems into various groups, according to certain general characteristics, such as "Idylls," "Lamentations," "Philosophical Poems," &c., Mr. Tainsh analyzes and examines all—some at great length. In his final chapter he describes "A Few Days with the Poet Laureate"—by which he means a visit he paid to the country on the banks of the Severn and Wye, immortalized in the "In Memoriam," and made tender by the memory of the poet's friend, Arthur Hallam, who lies buried there. This portion of the book is very gracefully written, and will serve to render clearer many passages in the exquisite and noble poem to which it refers.

THREE NEW NOVELS.*

WE are not surprised to find that Dr. Russell's novel has been much praised and vigorously condemned. If we look at it from the point of view of our own expectations, or if we compare it with the work of any of the better novelists of these days, such as Thackeray, George Eliot, Dickens, and others, we must regard it as a very poor effort, wanting in character, deficient in plot, and painfully diffuse. If we contrast it, on the other hand, with the majority of novels at present being turned out for the libraries, we shall welcome it as containing, at least, fair grammar and some vigorous description. In either case, Dr. Russell can hardly be congratulated on his appearance as a novel-writer. It would almost seem as if he had got heartily tired of his attempt before the conclusion of it, so utterly vague and wandering does the story become. Whatever is readable in these volumes owes its origin to the special-correspondent faculty which Dr. Russell possesses; wherever there is a bit of smart action to be described, the dawdling pen of the novelist is laid aside for the rapid and

* The Adventures of Dr. Brady. By W. H. Russell. London: Tinsley Brothers.
Neighbours and Friends. By the Hon. Mrs. Henry Wayland Chetwynd. London: Same Publishers.
Near the Cloisters. By Dr. Henry Stebbing, F.R.S. London: C. J. Skeet.

dexterous quill of the "descriptive writer," and we are carried through some pages with interest. Indeed, there are occasional passages in which Dr. Russell's professional tendency is most amusingly displayed. Who but a special correspondent, for instance, would have dreamed of thus defining Irish patriotism:—"Maurice believed that petitions, and public meetings, and processions of ill-clad citizens, with *bad bands and worse banners*, would induce the British Government to restore a native Legislature to Ireland"! The pictorial eye of Dr. Russell at once conjures up the spectacle of poor Erin walking at the head of her ragged regiments; and he recognises the hopelessness of her cause in her poor music and shabby flags. The hero of the book, Dr. Brady, is a rather characterless young gentleman, who leads a stirring life in order that his creator may get opportunities for description; one especial adventure, in which he is aimlessly sent across the Atlantic in search of a smuggler, being very cleverly narrated. Dr. Brady goes out to the Crimea as a surgeon, and afterwards goes into India at the time of the Rebellion; and, of course, we get some picturesque sketches in both countries. There is, however, some plot in the book, which goes a little way in giving cohesion to this string of narrative. There is a mystery about Dr. Brady's mother to start with; and her son is supposed to go about the world in search of her. When he does find her, she is the Ranee of Auripore, and seems to have done a great many very dreadful things, which we get more or less explicitly detailed. Most readers will be glad when they find Dr. Brady finally married and disposed of; few indeed will hope ever to hear anything more about him. We cannot say the same of Dr. Russell, however. If the author of "Dr. Brady" is still moved by an ambition to become a novelist, and if he will accept the primary truths that novel-writing does not come by nature, and that even a very smart writer must use some faculty of judgment, concentration, and painstaking, in order to produce a decent second-rate novel, he will doubtless write a much less tiresome book than the present.

Mrs. Chetwynd has written a novel which it is as difficult to praise as to condemn. There is in it some evidence of care; and one of the characters, Cecilia, has a pleasant freshness in some of her speeches which is sufficiently grateful. But the book, generally speaking, never rises above commonplace, and too frequently it is tediously conventional and dull. It seems to contain the echoes, not of any particular novel, but of all novels. There are bits of description introduced, apparently for form's sake, which convey no more idea to the mind than an alphabet; the villain of the story does all sorts of aimlessly wicked things; the good hero is very good; and there is much pious reprobation of such vices as backbiting and misrepresentation. There is a suggestion of something better in Katie Roy; but that has been swamped in the effort to make the young Highland girl theatrically prominent and marked. Of Highland character Mrs. Chetwynd is amusingly ignorant. She no more understands the peculiarities of the quaint, suspicious, proud men and women of the Highland sea-fishing villages, than she can imitate their ordinary speech. She very rarely falls into the common blunder of making her Highland people talk Lowland Scotch; but she does far worse—she makes them talk merely ungrammatical English. She seems to have stepped through a Highland village very daintily, and received some vague impression that there were strong odours of fish floating about; indeed, she is never wearied in talking of the dirt and sloth of the people and of the stinks of their hovels. Had Mrs. Chetwynd known more of the life and habits of Highland fishermen, she would not have so grossly misrepresented them. The redeeming feature of the book, as we have hinted, is Cecilia, a young lady who, at a very early period of her history, says, "If I ever marry, it shall not be until I have thoroughly enjoyed my life first. I have a moral conviction my husband will keep me in order, and I do not see any probability of my ever being sufficiently in love with any one to care about spending all my life with him. The things I like to-day I hate to-morrow, and it would be a bore to be heartily tired of my husband and not be able to get rid of him. You know I very soon tire of things, Aunt Nelly!" Of course, the heroine of a "goody" story could never remain in such a state of outer darkness as this suggests; so we find Cecilia married to the hero, Mr. Percival, and we are one of a happy number described as "favoured" in the following rather prosaic passage, which we commend to the attention of young ladies as the anti-climax of the pretty love-making which generally fills the three volumes:—"Those favoured ones admitted to see a round red face, in a mass of lace and muslin, saw every talent on the father's side, and every grace of the mother, shining through the unconscious and dimly-seeing eyes; and everything that occurred, from Cecilia's first mutton-chop, to the baby's

first airing in the drawing-room, was chronicled as faithfully as though Erlescombe were a palace and Cecilia a reigning queen."

We confess that we have not read "Near the Cloisters;" and it, therefore, might seem unfair to pass any judgment upon it here. But then we honestly endeavoured to read it; and the failure of the attempt is in itself a criticism. The melancholy dulness of the novel, its pompous diction containing nothing, its conventional characters, and the utter chaos which seems to hide whatever plot may have been intended, render Dr. Stebbing's work the reverse of exhilarating. There are, nevertheless, in this rather hopeless story, a number of negative virtues which many a more popular novelist might with propriety study. We have no bad grammar, no impertinences of allusion to subjects of which the author knows nothing; we have no school-boy quotations from the Latin, and no scraps of French picked out of a "Hand-book to Conversation." From what we were able to discover, "Near the Cloisters" is the story of how a bookseller's step-son married a physician's daughter. Why the author should have taken 560 pages to accomplish his hero's happiness we do not quite know; but we are rejoiced to learn, in the last paragraph, that "in due course the final arrangements came to a solemn, but very splendid close, by a double marriage at St. George's, Hanover-square." Here, then, is a novel with these advantages; it is in two volumes, it finishes with a double marriage, and it avoids Lemprière. There may be many who will consider these charms so great as to determine upon reading the work; and these we leave with the wish that they may find out what the novel is all about, and be vastly interested in the wooing of George Wearlight and Ellen Arkwright.

SHORT NOTICES.

Our Sham Army, and How to make a Real One. By Captain R. W. Phipps, Royal Artillery. (Longmans.)

This is a very important and timely pamphlet, written in an equable tone and spirit. The writer shows the nature of the military power, dividing it into three services—the regular forces, the militia, and the volunteers. Of the first he says that, although fairly officered, it is so badly provided with field trains and equipments that the collection of any large body thereof is simply a collection of regiments incapable of movement, not an army. The militia he looks upon as utterly worthless and worse than useless. They are a bad imitation of the regular forces, with unskilled officers, insufficient appointments, and half-trained men. The volunteers are described as "a large body of sufficiently trained privates, costing the country very little in comparison with the latent value of their services; but without any body of trained officers, and therefore at present practically useless. Superior to the militia, in so far that the rank and file are for the greater part taken from the more intelligent classes; but inferior as the officers possess no knowledge of the ordinary routine of military life, and know nothing of their duties except their drill. Probably the officers of this force have less control over their men than those of any other, as in this service officer and private generally are of the same position in the social grade." This classification seems to us to be fair and distinct enough. Captain Phipps proceeds to indicate how the three services are so divided and ordered, that they never act together as they should act together in regular warfare. We do not here intend to go into the details of Captain Phipps's brochure, but it strikes us as containing a great deal of interesting and useful matter on a most important topic.

The Ideas of the Day on Policy. Analyzed and arranged by Charles Buxton, M.P. Third Edition. (John Murray.)

We are glad to notice that this book has been popular enough to reach a third edition. It is not, of course, as complete as it might be, but the very plan upon which it is constructed almost prevents it from being perfect. We might as well expect an annual directory to include monthly changes of names and residence as a work of this kind to take in the various growing and prevalent ideas which are constantly shifting from the classified principles until their parentage is scarcely recognisable. Mr. Buxton need tender no apology for so useful a publication, and we agree with him that it is perhaps as good to collect ideas as to collect butterflies and beetles. A similar work to this, on literature, would be very desirable. Mr. Buxton, however, in a future edition might well trust to his own gathering of notions. It is rather singular to find sentences which inclose valuable though commonplace opinions on social policy traced to provincial papers as their original source.

The Government, the Bank of England, and the Public. (Effingham Wilson.)

In this short pamphlet, consisting of two letters addressed to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., the writer, Mr. R. V. Warwick,

briefly discusses the relations between the Government, the Bank of England, and the public, and offers some important alterations for consideration. Mr. Warwick makes objection to these relations on the score that they are very complex and open to misconstruction, thereby causing constant and unsatisfactory discussions on currency. The changes proposed are certainly simple, and deserve thoughtful consideration. Mr. Warwick writes:—

"I would advise that the Government should cancel their debt to the Bank by guaranteeing the Bank the payment of the notes drawn against that debt, and that it should also take into its hands all the notes drawn against 'other securities;' or, in other words, that it should guarantee all notes not drawn against bullion, and that the amount of those notes be, as it is now, always determined by Act of Parliament; that, in lieu of the Government paying an interest for the present loan, it should pay the Bank a specific sum for the manufacture and issue of notes, as it does now for the management of the National Debt."

The effect of this would be to separate the issue from the banking department of the Bank. The control of issue would be entirely in the hands of the Government, and the paper currency would be placed upon the same footing as the metal coinage, excepting in the management of its manufacture. There are a few points of detail, but those interested in the question of currency should read Mr. Warwick's letters for themselves.

The Philosophy of Life and Death. By John Brooks. (F. Pitman.)

For an author to put the above title to a book consisting of fifty-nine pages, was, to say the least of it, to show a strong belief in his powers of condensation. It is one of those harmless though rather impertinent performances which have been rather too frequent of late. The writer has read a good deal in a desultory, untrained fashion, and out of his reading recollects a fair share of agreeable fancies. The worst of it is, as with all persons of the same order of mind, he has no notion whatever of the relative value of an idea. He is constantly under the impression that he is instructing the world in something new, when, in point of fact, he is repeating commonplaces. We have a chapter on flowers, in which all the stock notions are paraded as novelties, and such miserable stuff as this under the head of "What is Life." "What is Life? Who am I? He who can say I—what is he? *Ego sum*, truly; but lately I was not. Whence? how? and whereto? *Cogito*, but here not very deeply. Life—is it not a dark labyrinth?" Here John Brooks very much resembles Jack Bunby. It is a pity that a man of some sensibility should have made so foolish a book.

Judgment delivered in the Cases of Martin v. Mackonochie and Flamank v. Simpson. (Butterworths.)

Mr. Walter Phillimore has edited the long and elaborate judgment in these causes. This supplies what the scanty reports in the papers omitted. The decision involved the most intricate and difficult questions in ecclesiastical jurisprudence, and Sir Robert Phillimore appears to have applied himself to the labour of solving them with considerable research and eloquence. It is curious to trace here the ground he went over in order to arrive at a conclusion, and the manner in which he unearthed the most unsuspected and hidden precedents which might help to assist him. Saint Augustine, the Council of Trent, the Venerable Bede, Burnet, and Beveridge are all quoted with appositeness on the several points. The editor appends a note given him by the judge, containing an addition to the series of historical facts adduced on the trials.

A Glimpse of a Great Secret Society. (William Macintosh.)

We wonder that this work was not dedicated to Mr. Whalley. It will exactly suit the people who believe that Jesuits are constantly to be found in various disguises wandering over the earth, and engaged in endless machinations, stratagems, and intrigues. At page 89 we find—"It is long since the French Jesuits have ceased to teach in France the doctrine of murder, but they belong to a body who maintain it—to a body in which the doctrine is common to all." This is about as true as what the Pagans said of the early Christians—that they used to kill and eat a young child at their sacrifices. The book is composed of a crack-brained preface, containing scraps from the volumes from which the "Confessional Unmasked" is made up, followed by a "Report on the Constitutions of the Jesuits," delivered by a Frenchman in the year 1761.

Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench, 1868.
(Dean & Son.)

This useful work is again published with its mass of information, the whole corrected to the 25th of February, 1868, and the recent Ministerial, Parliamentary, and Legal changes that have taken place since, notified under the heading of "Occurrences during Printing." The "proofs" have been read by six hundred and thirty-one members of the House of Commons, and eighteen-seventieths of the noblemen and

gentlemen who are referred to in the portion devoted to the "Judicial Bench;" so there can be no complaint against the character of the information which it is the business of this handsome book to afford. There are several useful tables besides the lists of M.P.'s, judges, &c., which form the bulk of the volume.

The Victoria Magazine. Vol. X.

We must regard the *Victoria Magazine* in some respects in a different light from the rest of its periodical contemporaries. Indeed, it would afford a subject for a lengthy article, and give a curious insight into the struggles of women for a better place in the social and educational scale. There is an air of feminine determination about it, and although it does not present the prosperous aspect of some of its rivals, there is an honest conviction of a mission and a purpose in its pages which, if we do not entirely sympathize with, we are certainly inclined to help in some degree. The editor or editores has a sharp look-out on all sides for words of encouragement, and seems never to miss a leading article in the papers which would contribute towards the movement with which the *Victoria Magazine* is identified.

Easter Annual for 1868. (Thomas Murby)

Mr. Greenwood contributes a clever little story to this annual; we trust, however, that the venture will not encourage publishers to deliver additional cartloads of those seasonable trifles with which we were oppressed at Christmas. It is quite possible to be overweighted even with light literature, and once a year is quite often enough to be bored with verses and tales illustrative of certain moods which are supposed to come with the months.

We have also received:—*Long Resistance and Ultimate Conversion* (Burns, Oates, & Co.);—*Vere Vereker*, by Tom Hood. A new edition. With forty punning illustrations by W. Brunton (Hotten);—*The Astro-Meteoric Journal*, new series, No. IV., April (Simpkin & Marshall);—*Vacher's Parliamentary Companion* (Vacher);—*Julius Caesar: How he Sailed from Ireland, and Landed in Norfolk*, by the Rev. Scott F. Surtees (Russell Smith);—*Part Music*, edited by John Hullah (Longmans);—*Our Pharisaism*, a sermon preached at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Ash-Wednesday, 1868, by the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Published by request (Parker);—*Dr. Barry's Reply to Mr. E. Pugin*, postscript to second edition (Murray);—*Moscova versus Istamboul, ou Politique Séculaire de la Russie envers L'Empire Ottoman*, par John Ninet, seconde édition (Berne: Imprimerie de C. J. Wyss);—*The Bookseller* (Warwick-square);—*New Zealand. The Manawatu Purchase Completed, or the Treaty of Waitangi Broken*, by Thomas C. Williams (Williams & Norgate).

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Abbott (Captain J.), *Journey from Herat to Khiva, Moscow, and St. Petersburg.* 2nd edit. 2 vols. 8vo., 16s.
Addison (Julia), *Effie Vernon.* New edit. Fcap., 5s.
Armstrong (G.), *The Horse: How to Feed him, &c.* Fcap., 1s.
Auerlen (Professor) and others, *The Foundations of our Faith.* New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
Aunt Dorothy's Will. By Cycia. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
Baker (C.), *Our Lord Jesus Christ teaching on the Lake of Genesareth.* 12mo., 1s. 6d.
Baron Munchausen's Adventures. Illustrated by G. Cruikshank. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
Blunt (Rev. J. H.), *Household Theology.* New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
Boyhood, and other Poems. By A. H. Fcap., 2s.
Brown (J. E. A.), *Lights through a Lattice.* Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
Bunsen (Baron), *Memoir of.* By his Widow. 2 vols. 8vo., £2. 2s.
Byron (Lord), *Poetical Works.* New edit. Royal 8vo., 6s.
Child (Lydia M.), *Rosa and Flora: a Romance.* Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
Clerke (C. C.), *Daily Devotions.* 18mo., 1s.
Colville (O. R.), *Record of the Volunteer Cavalry of Derbyshire.* Royal 8vo., 2s. 6d.
Davidson (S.), *Introduction to the Study of the New Testament.* 2 vols. 8vo., 30s.
English Catalogue of Books for 1867. Royal 8vo., 5s.
Every Man's Own Lawyer. 6th edit. 12mo., 6s. 8d.
Fenwick (S.), *The Morbid State of the Stomach.* 8vo., 12s.
First Lessons in Geography. New edit. 18mo., 1s.
Fry (D. P.), *Handbook for the Election of Guardians of the Poor.* 12mo., 5s.
Good Stories. Edited by the Rev. J. E. Clarke. 13th Series. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
Grose (Captain F.), *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue.* Cr. 8vo., 6s.
Hadley (C.), *Stories of Old.* New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
Halliwell (J. O.), *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words.* New edit. 2 vols. 8vo., 16s.
Herbert (Lady), *Abyssinia and its Apostles.* Cr. 8vo., 6s.
Hope (A. R.), *A Book about Boys.* Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
Homer's *Iliad*, in English Verse. By P. S. Worsley. Vol. II. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
— *Odyssey*, in English Verse. By P. S. Worsley. Books I. to XII. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 9s.
Hughes (W.), *Class Book of Physical Geography.* New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
Hunter (W. W.), *Annals of Rural Bengal.* 8vo., 18s.
Hopps (J. P.), *Ten Manchester Lectures.* Cr. 8vo., 1s.
Jeaffreson (J. C.), *A Noble Woman.* 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
King (H.), *Ruth's Vineyard.* Fcap., 5s.
Lankester (E.), *Manual of Health.* Fcap., 1s. 6d.
Marriott (Rev. W. B.), *Vestiarum Christianum.* Royal 8vo., £1. 18s.
Maskell (J.), *The Wedding Ring: its History, Literature, &c.* Cr. 8vo., 1s.
Noid (H. M.), *The Inductorium, or Inductive Coll.* New edit. Fcap., 3s.
Oxenden (Rev. A.), *Our Church and her Services.* New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
Philosophy (The) and Practice of Punctuation. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
Smith (Archdeacon), *History of England for Young Students.* Fcap., 1s. 6d.
— (Alexander) *Last Leaves: with Memoir by P. P. Alexander.* Cr. 8vo., 6s.
Story of the Kings of Judah and Israel. 16mo., 2s.
Swedenborg (E.), *his Life and Writings.* By W. White. 2nd edit. 8vo., 12s. 6d.
Thompson (S.), *Swiss Scenery. Photographic Illustrations.* Folio., £2. 2s.
Treatment (The) of our Domesticated Dogs. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
Twas (Rev. R.), *Six Lectures delivered in Holy Week.* Cr. 8vo., 1s.
Wright (H.), *Court-Hand Restored.* 8th edit. 4to., 10s. 6d.